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RAM

MEN AT WORK

JOHN CALE & LOU REED

ROBYN ARCHER's *Pack Of Women*

GUN CLUB • RUNNERS • ZZ TOP

MUSO's WORLD — Copyright And Royalties

EDGE CITY — Who *IS* J. Wallace Grubblesnutch?

And Now (At Last!)
THE HENDRIX DIARIES!

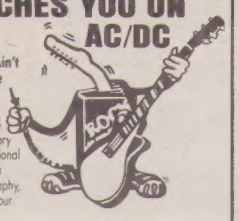
Punch & Judy Fight Shy

LENE LOVICH
Guest Singles Review

(Pic:G.T.)

ROCK READ

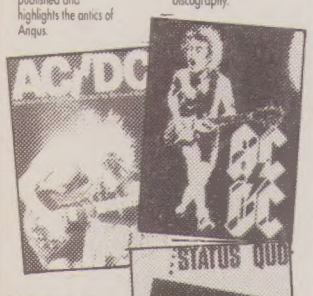
SWITCHES YOU ON WITH AC/DC



1. **AC/DC: Hell Ain't No Bad Place To Be** by Richard Bunton **$3.95** The complete story including sensational full-colour action photos, discography, equipment list, tour schedules.

2. **AC/DC** by Malcolm Dome **$12.95** This book screams out the charisma of the band. First major book published and highlights the antics of Angus.

3. **The AC/DC Story** by Paul Ezra **$3.95** Unbelievably good value for $3.95. Starts in Sydney in '64 and goes to the end of '82. Even has Japanese discography.



BACK IN STOCK...

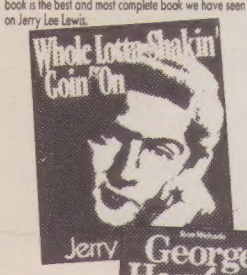
4. **Status Quo** by Tom Hibbert **$7.95** Sold like hotcakes when last in stock. Describes the long, hard slog to the top. Lots of early pics.

5. **Whitesnake** by Tom Hibbert **$5.95** Analyses the Whitesnake phenomenon from the early days of Deep Purple to the peak of their career.

OTHER NEW BOOKS...

6. **Rush** by Brian Harrigan **$7.95** Melody Maker writer Harrigan traces the development of the band from early days in the suburbs of Toronto.

7. **Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On — Jerry Lee Lewis** by Robert Cain **$13.95** In '56 Whole Lotta Shakin' was No. 1 and so was he. Two years later, after marrying his 14-year-old cousin, "The Killer" was all washed up. Packed with photos, this book is the best and most complete book we have seen on Jerry Lee Lewis.



8. **George Harrison: Yesterday and Today** by Ross Michaels **$8.95** Full story of the "silent Beatle" who was the first to establish a successful solo career with **My Sweet Lord** and the **Concert for Bangladesh.**

DURAN DURAN CORNER...

9. **Duran Duran: The Official Lyric Book $6.95** Be quick — this is our second lot and they won't last long!

10. **Duran Duran $5.95**

COMING SOON...

11. **Duran Duran: Their Story** by Kasper de Graaf and Malcolm Garrett **$5.95** Order now and be sure of getting a copy. This book is based on a series of exclusive interviews and is bound to sell fast.

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Something-and-a-half for everyone! MIDNIGHT OIL, SWANEE and the new MATT FINISH at Penrith Park, plus the SPITFIRES and LENE LOVICH Live; LENE LOVICH is also our Guest singles Reviewer on page 24; plus bulk albums, and latest rock book news.

10's MUSIC VIDEO

In the beginning, there was AM radio — the Gods of the airwaves created maximum rotation, and saw it was good for ratings. On the seventh day, they induced the birth of the FM band, and saw it was even better, if much the same. . .

So it was only natural they should apply the same standards to rock TV — but why should we mere mortals sit back and take it? I refer to the recently introduced *Music Video* show on the Ten network, and ask in all seriousness, why did they bother?

The hapless musicophile is already under bombardment by the tired, unimaginative formulae that masquerade as TV rock shows — with the welcome exception of Channel 0/28's *Rock Around The World* and *Continental Drift* programmes, the medium has degenerated over the years into a wasteland of recycled video cliches; from the pubescent masturbatory fantasies of Duran Duran to the pseudo-gothic indulgences of Ultravox, Bonnie Tyler, Chris De Burgh and the like. Not to mention the crassly misinformed pastiche of Bowie's latest small screen dabbling, *Let's Wince*. . . Sure, we can all handle this stuff two or three times, but like AM radio playlists, repetition wears thin after a few thousand airings.

Why don't the forces behind *Music Video* seize the gaping opportunity to expose the plethora of imagination that exists in videos *outside* the mainstream format? I mean, we're already saturated with the restrictive voids of *Countdown, Nightmoves, Solid Mould* etc., so how about breaking out and showing us late-night insomniacs something from the *other side?*

Yours in bleary-eyed boredom,
Hymie Thistlethwaite,
Sydney.

Just four shows in — let's be a bit more charitable. To move outside the mainstream takes time for contacts to be made, the very availability of the screening opportunity to be made known.

WHEATLEY vs 'THE ILLITERATES'

I refer to an interview in the May issue of Australian *Penthouse* (yes, some people do read the articles). After reading this interview, I felt compelled to write to RAM for the first time and state my views.

The interviewee was Glenn Wheatley, best known as the manager of LRB, who also has interests in a number of other acts. During the interview, Wheatley found it necessary to attack RAM and *Juke* magazines specifically. It is obvious that he has not had a good relationship with the rock press, but I feel his criticism is somewhat unfounded.

Wheatley's statement therein that these two tabloids are "illiterate in content" is totally unfair and unsubstantiated. It is also an insult to the intelligence of the readers of the respective magazines. Although I have no concrete evidence, I would venture to say that the majority of RAM staff outqualify Wheatley in areas which need a fair degree of literacy. I find articles in these magazines to be well-written and well-expressed for the most part. Many are written with the intention of provoking a reaction. I don't always agree with the views of the writers, but if I did, I could write my own paper and not buy yours. Unfortunately, Wheatley seems to think that a conflict of *his* opinion and those of these papers constitutes illiteracy — come back to earth, mate!

Wheatley would be amazed at what one can see with *two* eyes open — maybe then he wouldn't have to waste three dollars a fortnight "screwing up" the latest copies of each magazine "in disgust".

Wheatley's statement that *Rolling Stone* "at least has some editorial control" is laughable. I don't wish to attack *Rolling Stone,* but obviously it is largely comprised of American writings that are more favourable to the type of music Wheatley is trying to sell. There must be a differentiation between his opinion and literary standards.

The difference, Mr Wheatley, is in perspective. For the contributors and readers of RAM and *Juke,* music is a competitive art, where, to coin a well-known phrase, only the best will do. Due to wide and varying tastes, these papers must cover a wide range of music. For you, Mr Wheatley, music is a commodity, an item for sale. Logically, you aim at the median, or "average taste" of the music market. The criticism levelled by music papers as aimed at those who perform "formula music", thus degrading an art to the level of a chanceless, mass-produced lump of vinyl.

Be content, Mr Wheatley — sit back and rake in your millions with your bland bands. But don't criticise my wish, along with many others', to have rock with risks and boogie with balls.

Roll on, RAM
David Plant,
Leonay, NSW

Admirable sentiments Dave, but let's leave *Juke* out of this, shall we?

SHYTE PARTY!

Shyte!

What a pissoff! I'm a young guy with no pretensions to knowing what I'm talking about, but I know what I like, if you know what I mean.

Anyway, me and my girlfriend (well, she's not my girlfriend yet, and now she probably never will be, but I was working on it. . . what a pissoff!) went down to the Trades last week. I'm saying to her, "Let's go and check out this band, they're meant to be really great. They're called the Birthday Party, and they're really big in England," and all like that. So she says "O.K., you know all about rock'n'roll and that", and all that stuff.

Do you know the rest? If you don't, I'm gonna tell you.

Well, this band, they were shit, right? I mean they weren't just bad like "accidentally on purpose", they were bad like "not good".

To cut a long story, (too long) short, the spunkiest lady in New South Wales thinks I'm full of shit, I think the Birthday Party are full of shit, and I thought I better tell everyone that eight bucks is too much to pay for. . . for shyte!

Bletch,
Jack, Sans Souci

DON'T GET SLY WITH ELTON!

It is not very often that I find myself writing to a magazine of this nature, but recently I have found it absolutely necessary that I reply to the vicious and corrupt remarks regarding Mr Elton John by Zaphod Beeblebrox (RAM #210). Who the hell does he or she think she/he is?

I don't like to jeer people or put them down, but when it comes to the mocking of Mr John, my limits and boundaries unfortunately are deliberately forgotten. Being a loyal fan of Mr. John's (note MISTER John and not plain old disrespectful *Elton* John) now for the past ten years, I find it very hurtful to read the nonsense of somebody satirising Mr John in such a sly and pernicious manner. Where do descriptions such as "Jack-hammer", "demon", "merciless psycho", "hideous", "beastly", "demented", "lamentable" and "sarcophagus" come from, hey?

Mr John, for your seeming lack of information, is a very talented and generous young gentleman. He is a superb musician who deserves every award and accolade he has received over the years. Only a mindless cipher like yourself would so viciously send up the very talented Mr John.

In closing my letter, I would like to say that I'm sorry if I have been misled, but I personally don't find it possible.

Yours very irritated,
Elton John Supporter

For the latest "gentlemanly" exploits of Mr John, see *Transit Lounge*

U2 IN EXCELSIS

Join the "War" against boring music — discover U2!

Just a small thanks for the U2 article (issue 210). The article explains how they managed to become Ireland's finest sons (a title they truly deserve) without losing their feelings of joy, passion and love and the appreciation of their fans.

Roll on, *October!*
Gloria Chewlun,
Townsville Qld.

WHAT ABOUT ME? (Etcetera)

Dear John,

Boy, I've been going through strange days — off and on mainly for over a year now, and now this. This is one of those occasions where you've just *got* to say something; unfortunately it won't be as literate and cohesive as I'd usually prefer, but it's in context. I'm referring to the *Edge City* rave in RAM 210. At first it was just a weirdo picture with 'Spanish Inquisition' written above it, on my way from Tears For Fears to the Bowie story. The first line rang a bell, the first paragraph had me hooked, soon I was giggling foolishly, later I realised it was sad, and by the end I wanted to give up the dream rather than meet a predestined fate like Bernie's.

I'm 27, frustrated, pissed off, stranded and yet hanging on to an old belief that I can and WILL grab the attention of the world — someday (as ever). Stories like that kind of keep the ball rolling, making one continue the desire for this particularly obsessive form of self-destruction. The warnings seem to come and go, but the madness is stronger. I broke the habit of buying RAM long ago (sorry), trying to grow up or something, but it's like trying to rub off a tattoo with spit. I guess I'll keep on. I'm glad I read that — or am I?

Chris Columbus

Keep trying to grow up (or something). . .

SEND YOUR RAM LETTERS TO: 7TH FLOOR 50 MARGARET ST, SYDNEY 2000

I ONLY GET IT RARELY. . .

I read your magazine very rarely, however I did buy the May 13th issue because it contained an interview with Chris Bailey.

Unfortunately I read the boorish review of Neil Young live at Wembley Stadium in London, and I am appalled at the line "What's yellow and lives off dead beatles. . .?"

What is this line supposed to mean?

Allowing sentiments like that is going to ensure that I for one will only read your magazine intermittently and that it will remain a provincial back paper.

Brad Franks,
Pyrmont, NSW

What's red with embarrassment and can't grasp a simple joke. . .? For someone who's into Chris Bailey, you display an appalling dearth of humour.

HAPPENS ALL THE TIME (TO SOME PEOPLE)

I just *gotta* tell someone about this gig I went to last week, and you guys are as good as anyone, so here goes. . .

I was down at Funch's Wine Bar in Da rlinghurst, with a couple of friends. Well, not really friends, 'cause these guys are really just real deadbeats with no hopes of making anything of their lives, but that's cool with me, right? Anyway, who should walk in but Donny Sutherland really cut of it on acid! He walks up to the band, right, and slips on a pile of soggy seconal and falls face first into the drums. He's cut his face up real bad, and he's waving his arms around and screaming about the *Countdown* Awards, and how really he's a real sensitive guy, and how he listens to John Coltrane when he isn't working, and all sorts of weird stuff.

I just can't believe this is happening, right? So I go over to where he is on the ground, thrashing around in this guy's drums, and I was right! It wasn't Donny Sutherland at all, he didn't even *look* like Donny Sutherland?

What a laugh!

Chrissy Amphletamine
Soggy Hills

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SUNGLASSES
D RINGS
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TIES
KEY HOLDERS

the Badge Shop

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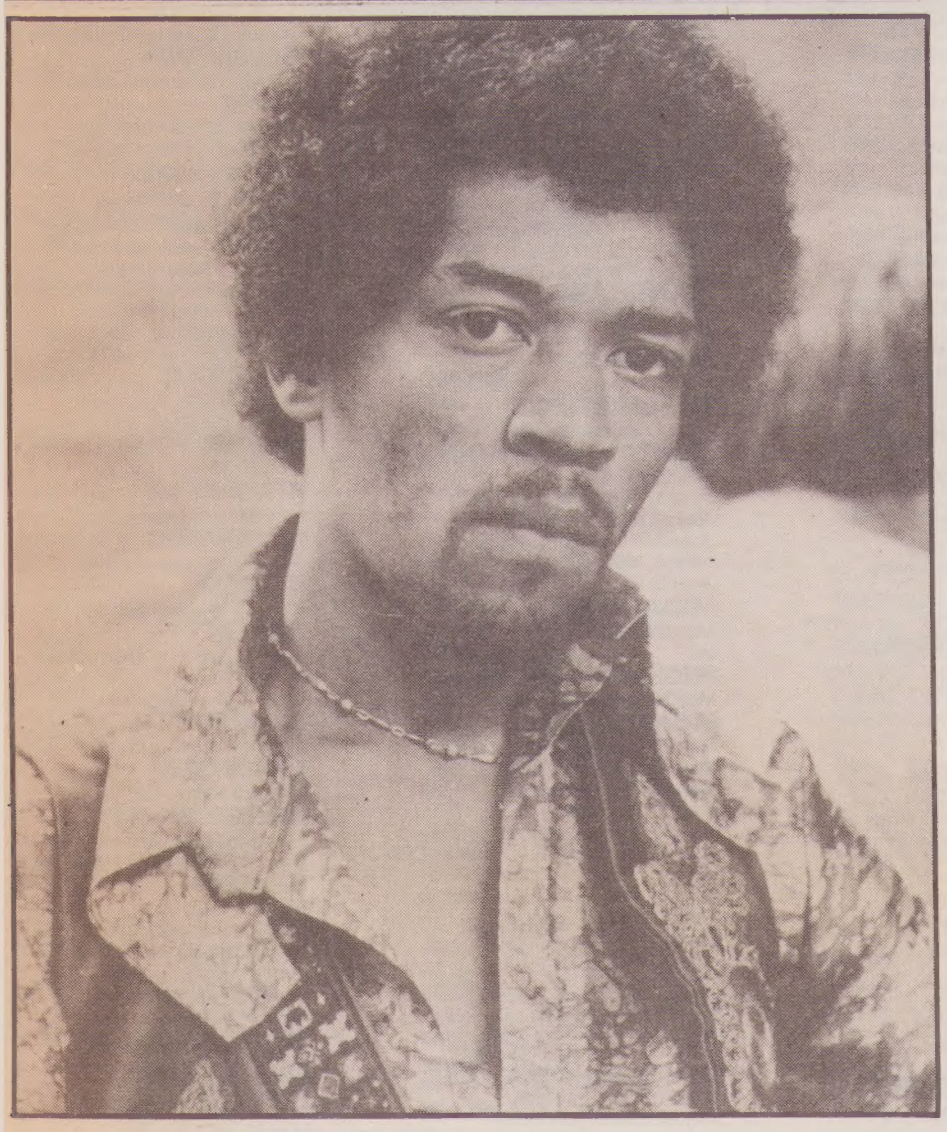
(near Capitol Theatre)

Transit Lounge

PEOPLE. EVENTS. THINGS ON THE MOVE.

HENDRIX DIARIES SHOCK SCOOP!

N.A.T.O. Drugs/Sex Probe



Jimi Hendrix — what did he have on society dames?

"Like, wow! Strange beautiful! Met the Rolling Stones, spent all day getting wasted round the pool with Brian. . . Too messed up to make much in the studio, just sat in the booth raving about that trip at the Upper Cut club, got Noel to do the guitars — why not? He invented that feedback shit. . . should call it Purple Haze. . ."

AT FIRST glance, these words shakily scrawled with white chinagraph on the back of a standard derelict Marshall quad box mean little. Many an obscure musician has filled handy black fat surfaces with the most trivial observations.

But what if an astonishing chain of evidence identified that battered speaker bin as property of a 24-year-old black American christened James Marshall Hendrix, better known as Jimi Hendrix: Messiah Of Modern Electric Guitar? What if this astonishing revelation regarding the recording of the seminal *Purple Haze*, crediting bass player Noel Redding with much of the revolutionary guitar work, was but one of *hundreds* of inscriptions on Marshall boxes reported found in a disused Dubbo warehouse?

The implication is clear. These are the diaries of Jimi Hendrix. But will modern science and the *Sunday Times* support the claims of former Experience roadie Gus Travis, who broke a three-day vow of silence to reveal them to an unsuspecting world?

"Ch. says we can get off this nowhere Monkees tour on morals shit; get the Daughters Of The American Revolution to testify I'm indecent. Say if they don't, we threaten to put that picture of them after that studio orgy on the cover of an album or some shit.

"Guess they should know 'bout indecent — what was that old blonde fox called?"

Extracts like this have staggered Hendrix scholars. Travis has kept the vinyl road cases on most of the 783 boxes, but Lord Baker, the influential northern suburbs rock historian, author of *Inside Freddie & The Dreamers: The Last Days,* has already inspected the collection and examined a selection covering several years: his conclusion, based on years of talking about Hendrix, is that the material is "quite genuine."

"It's like reading one of the stock Hendrix biographies, but everything's backwards and inside out," he observed at a hastily convened press conference. "No-one suspected that Jimi could sign his own name, let alone write a diary: but only a man who was at the very centre of events would know of these matters, let alone observe them with such casual authority.

"The correlation with known events and hitherto unexplained incidents, song lyrics and missing bank accounts is too exact to allow any other explanation. When the full set of panels is unveiled, we may not only have to revise our understanding of Hendrix's rise and fall, but also some deeply cherished beliefs as to the integrity of the era's leading figures."

This, at least, is no exaggeration. The mere suspicion that the brace of naked women adorning the cover of *Electric Ladyland,* Hendrix's third album, could actually be a New York chapter of the aristocratic Daughters Of The American Revolution has already thrown shock waves through the social register from Maryland to Maine. Chas Chandler, Hendrix's former manager and presumably the mysterious 'Ch', could not be woken up for comment, but as former employer Richard Penniman, aka Little Richard, commented: "Praise the Lord! I regard Jimi as my spiritual son, taught him all he knew, but the good Lord knows where that wild exhibitionist sexual side to him came from. Jimi would do anything —even with girls!"

But these long buried scandals fade into insignificance beside rumours that have already forced N.A.T.O. *and* several multinational chemical companies to seek a total news blackout over the contents of at least one panel. Lord Baker declined to comment until his Argentinian publishing deal is finalised, but sources approached by this paper have hinted that the classified material might refer to a legendary enormous stockpile of experimental U.S. army-issue mescaline, gathered by personal order of Hendrix when he was first approached to appear on the *Johnny Carson Show.* It is understood that several backyards on both sides of the Atlantic have already been excavated.

But could the Hendrix Diaries be a massive hoax? Several leading publishing chains who missed out on the syndication have expressed grave doubts. Handwriting experts have been brought forward who testify that no former pupil of Garfield High School in Seattle, Washington, would have got away with such clumsy composition, even if, like Hendrix, he was left-handed. Dissenting historians insist that no claims can be made until extensive scientific tests are carried out. As Professor Irwin Matthews, Rupert Murdoch Fellow in Comparative Memoirs mbia University, observed drily: "A core sample of the particle board is the only way to catch the really skilled forger."

But Gus Travis refuses to hand any of speaker boxes over to independent investigators, and indeed is reported to have loaded the entire archive onto his brother-in-law's semi and fled into the wild backblocks of New South Wales. His paranoid reaction is at least partly understandable. If verifiable, the Hendrix Diaries would be the publishing event of the decade; in the rough-and-tumble world of cheque-book journalism, the personal risks are high. Observers point to the fact that high-powered financial figures like J. Wallace Grubblesnutch are converging on Dubbo in a cut-throat contest to tie up the marketing.

And Travis has already offered explanation to the thorniest question in this incredible saga; namely, how did 783 Marshall quad boxes supposedly used by Jimi Hendrix in Europe and America end up in a Dubbo warehouse?

"Jimi was a bitch for volume, man. Hell, everybody knows he used to crank those poor old Marshall amps up till the valves went China Syndrome. Sometimes he'd blow a speaker just tuning up — and even in the years when he'd given up tuning he was *still* smashing Strats into the bins.

"We used to just dump them till one day I met this Australian guy who was going back home to pull off a few deals. He reckoned we could sell these clapped-out speakers to the kids out there who wouldn't notice a goddamn thing wrong. So I started shipping quad boxes to him from wherever we played, and kept on hitting the promoters and the record company for new gear."

But why then were so many still intact, unsold in Dubbo nearly fifteen years later? Where is this alleged partner to corroborate Travis's story? When did he realise that the faint chinagraph lines were more than roadie doodlings? Have the Hendrix Diaries already a legacy of dark and violent dealings? Will we ever find out what *Third Stone From The Sun* really meant?

We pledge to leave no fabrication unturned in our search. We believe you have every right to know.

GREG TAYLOR

The fateful *Carson* show

As reported several issues back, Sydney's Southern Cross Hotel was recently forced to find a new name after a confrontation with the big Victorian-based chain of Southern Cross Motels, who have moved into Sydney. To celebrate the change to **Strawberry Hills Hotel** last weekend, the management put the Johnnys on the miniscule stage and turned on free beer at 3.00 pm. The excitement was too much for the capacity crowd: by 6.00 the pub was dry, the pool room had been trashed, and a spirited throwing match between band and audience — involving baked beans, cans, glasses and the hay bale that is an essential part of any Johnnys' gig — left the lounge considerably worse for wear. As was the head of drummer 'Billy The Kid'; stitches were required after the bass player clouted him a Fender neck while ducking a flying missile.

Just when you thought he'd squeaked his last — **John Paul Young** (JPY to those over 30) awakes from deep sleep to sign brand new worldwide recording contract! In the wake of another 70s vet (Mike Rudd), he's to record his first album for, well, *ages* at Innovative Communication's headquarter studios in Germany. To be produced by LA-based John Capek for I.C.'s recently-established Australian label, it's JPY's first 'legit' LP in six years. . . wonder if it beats fishing? I.C. (Australia) meanwhile still casting the net for Oz talent — report to base one Ian Harvey, former member of defunct Sydney band, Flex, whose single-song demo aroused the ears of Klaus Schulze (I.C. el supremo) some months ago. Address: I.C. Records, P.O. Box 66, South Melbourne 3205. Phone (03) 699 6190.

Men At Work's *Down Under* video is at the centre of a thoroughly engrossing court case under way in Newcastle (England). The offending scene, showing the Men buried up to their necks in sand, was said in court to have pricked the conscience of a middle-aged marine engineer who had strangled and buried his wife in sand ten years ago. Men At Work. . . cure for amnesia?

An intriguing press release accompanying news of the next **Style Council** single, *Merry-Go-Round (Parts 1 & 2)*, reveals that "no-one really wrote it, so the publishing royalties will therefore go to Youth CND". Has **Paul Weller's** well run dry?

RAM ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

OS TOURS

RANDY NEWMAN
May
28 Concert Hall, Perth
31 Festival Hall, Brisbane

THE MAMAS & THE PAPAS
June
9 Billboard, Melb.
7 Billboard, Melb.
9 Festival Theatre, Adelaide.
10-12 Revesby Workers, Sydney
14-16 NSW country dates
17 Maroubra Seals, Sydney
18 Rooty Hill RSL
19 Wentworthville leagues
21 Penrith Leagues
22 St. George Sailing Club
23 Canberra Workers
24 Corrimal Leagues
25 Doyalson RSL
28 Cardiff Workers
29 Sawtell RSL
30 Taree RSL
July
1 Kempsey
2 Lismore
3 Brisbane

IGGY POP
June
28 Hordern Pavilion, Sydney
July
1-2 Astor Theatre, Melbourne

Santana
July
23 Entertainment Centre, Sydney
24 Melbourne

Jeremy Taylor
June
3-4 Perth
5 Newman
6 Carratha
9 Brisbane
10-12 Sydney
15-16 Melbourne
17-18 Adelaide

NSW

THE AGENTS
May 30: Governors Pleasure
June 1: Comb and Cutter
June 2: Sydney Cove Tavern
June 6: Governors Pleasure
June 7: Tivoli
June 9: Manzil Room

ALCAN ZEPHYR
May 27: Adams Apple
June 3: Greengate Hotel

THE ALMOST BROTHERS
May 26: Croydon Hotel

ATTITUDE
June 3: Comb and Cutter
June 4: Sefton Hotel

AVION
June 1: Corrimal Leagues

BANKRUPT
May 26: Maroubra Sands
May 27: Caringbah RSL
June 2: Kareela Golf Club
June 3: Ocean Beach, Umina
June 5: North Cronulla Hotel
June 7: Arcliffe Hotel

THE BEAST
May 28: Comb and Cutter
June 3: Rosehill Bowling Club
June 4: Enfield Boulevarde

THE BEAT
May 27: Cabbage Tree, W'gong
June 1: St George Sailing Club
June 3: Sefton Hotel

BEL-AIRES
May 28: Miranda Hotel
June 1: St George Sailing Club
June 3: Revesby Workers
June 4: Miranda Hotel

BENGAL TIGERS
May 26: Cabbage Tree, W'gong
May 27: Sefton Hotel
May 28: Comb and Cutter
May 29: Mosman Hotel

BENT ELBOWS
May 26: Racecourse Hotel
May 27: National Legalisation of Marijuana, 10 Hutchinson St, Surry Hills

BIG FIVE
May 26: Governors Pleasure, free

BILGOLA BOP BAND
June 9: Royal Antler Hotel

BIRDS OF PREY
May 28: Bexley North Hotel
June 3: Rosehill Bowling Club
June 5: Royal Antler Hotel

BLACK LABEL
June 7: Corrimal Leagues

BOSS
May 27: Sefton Hotel
May 28: Comb and Cutter
June 4: Enfield Boulevarde

BOX OF FISH
May 29: Strawberry Hills Hotel
June 2: Mosman Hotel

BRING PHILIP
June 2: Strawberry Hills Hotel

BRODERICK SMITH
June 1: Dapto Leagues
June 2: Tivoli
June 4: Blacktown RSL
June 4: Miranda — late
June 5: Avalon RSL

BUSHWACKERS
May 31: Corrimal Leagues
June 2: Union Hotel, Gosford
June 3: Blacktown Soccer Club
June 4: Parramatta Leagues
June 5: Campbelltown RSL
June 3: Goulburn Workers

CELIBATE RIFLES
May 28: Manly Vale

CHAMPIONS
May 27: Manzil Room
May 28: Hotel Bondi
May 29: Hopetoun Hotel
May 31: Sir William Wallace Hotel
June 1: Court House Hotel
June 5: Graphic Arts Club
June 7: Sir William Wallace Hotel

CHIT CHAT
May 27: Trade Union Club
May 29: Strawberry Hills Hotel

CHOIRBOYS
June 3: Blondies, opening, free

COCKROACHES
May 31: Tivoli
June 3: Manly Hotel
June 7: Bluegum

COCKY LAURA
May 31: Hotel Manly
June 2: Cabbage Tree W'gong
June 8: Family Inn
June 9: Cabbage Tree, W'gong

THE CROSS
May 28: French's
June 4: French's

CUB AND THE CULT
June 3: Trade Union Club

DEBUTANTES
May 28: Trade Union Club
May 30: Strawberry Hills Hotel

DEE MINOR AND THE DISCHORDS
May 31: Manlyvale Hotel
June 1: Ambassadors, N'castle
June 2: Cabbage Tree, W'gong
June 3: Blacktown RSL
June 4: Doyalson RSL
June 5: St George Budapest Soccer Club
June 7: Collegians Football Club, W'gong
June 8: Family Inn

DROP BEARS
May 27: Royal Antler Hotel
May 28: Sydney Cove Tavern

DYNAMIC HEPNOTICS
May 26: Mosman Hotel
May 28: Miranda Hotel
June 4: Blondies, free
June 7: ANU, Canberra

EAST END
May 26: New York Taver
May 27: Ocean Beach, Umina
May 28: Cabbage Tree, W'gong
June 1: Carmens
June 2: Penrith Leagues
June 4: Corrimal Leagues
June 8: Carmens
June 9: Collegians Football Club, W'gong

ELECTRIC PANDAS
May 28: Enfield Boulevarde
June 6: Manzil Room

THE END
May 28: Strawberry Hills Hotel

EUROGLIDERS
May 27: Tivoli
May 28: Palais, N'castle
May 29: Sylvania Hotel

FAULTLINE
May 27: Rosehill Bowling Club
May 28; Sefton Hotel
June 8: Enfield Boulevarde

THE FLIES
May 26: Strawberry Hills Hotel

FOREVER FIFTEEN
May 26: Caringbah Inn
May 27: Belfield Hotel
May 28: New York Tavern
June 2: Maroubra Seals
June 3: Whitehouse Inn
June 8: Whitehouse Inn

FRONTIER SCOUTS
June 3: Trade Union Club

FULL CIRCLE
June 4: Royal Antler Hotel

GAME
May 26: Manzil Room
May 27: Blacktown RSL

GO-BETWEENS
June 1: Bluegum Hotel
June 3: Trade Union Club
June 4: Trade Union Club
June 5: Sylvania Hotel
June 7: ANU, Canberra

GOLDRUSH
May 26: Riverina, CAE
May 27: Yoogali Club, Griffith
May 28: Golden Valley Hotel, Shepparton
June 9: Thirroul Leagues Club

HIJACK
May 27: Engadine Hotel

HITMEN
May 26: Mona Vale Hotel
May 27: Comb and Cutter
May 28: Sydney Cove Tavern

HOI POLLOI
May 26: War and Peace
June 7: Governors Pleasure

HONEYMOON
June 4: Blondies, free

HOT DOGS
May 27: Players
May 28: Players
May 29: Leichhardt Hotel
June 1: Trade Union Club
June 3: Strawberry Hills Hotel
June 4: Sydney Harbour Ferry cruise — day
June 4: Manzil Room
June 5: Graphic Arts Club

HUGO A GO GO
May 26: Mosman Hotel

ICED VOVO'S
May 28: Miranda Hotel
June 4: Comb and Cutter
June 5: Blondies, free
June 7: Epping Hotel

INNOCENT BUTLERS
May 28: Mosman Hotel

INSIDE
June 2: Forrest Inn, Bexley

INSTANT UNIT
May 27: Trade Union Club

INTROVERTS
May 28: Trade Union Club

ISLAND
May 28: Student Prince Hotel
June 3: Engadine Hotel

JETS
May 28: Royal Antler Hotel
June 3: Sefton Hotel

JFK AND CUBAN CRISIS
June 3: Manly Vale Hotel
June 4: Trade Union Club

JIVE KINGS
June 1: Robin Hood Hotel

THE JOHNNYS
May 27: Mosman Hotel

KEVIN BORICH EXPRESS
June 5: Rosebud Soccer Club
June 8: Comb and Cutter
June 9: Cabbage Tree, W'gong

KINGDOM COME
May 27: Tivoli

KLERKS
June 3: Mosman Hotel

LA BOUCHE
June 3: Cabbage Tree, W'gong
June 4: Governors Pleasure

LE CLUB FOOTE
May 31: Tivoli
June 1: Enfield Boulevarde
June 2: Blacktown RSL
June 3: Royal Antler Hotel
June 4: Maroubra Seals
June 5: Caringbah Inn

LE HOODOO GURUS
May 28: Trade Union Club

LEONORA JACKSON
May 28: Ocean Beach, Umina

LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER
June 2, ANU, Canberra

LIGHTNING ROCK
May 27: Eastwood Hotel
May 28: Doyalson RSL
June 9: Strawberry Hills Hotel

LONELY HEARTS
May 27: Mittagong RSL
May 31: Collegians Football Club, W'gong
June 3: Mittagong RSL

MALCOLM McCALLUM
May 29: Penshurst Hotel
June 4: Ocean Beach, Umina
June 5: Penshurst Hotel

MAD GORILLA
May 26: Royal Antler Hotel
June 2: Royal Antler Hotel
June 8: Illawarra Yacht Club

MAGNA CARTA
May 26: Cabbage Tree, W'gong
May 28: Comb and Cutter
June 4: Enfield Boulevarde

MAGNETICS
May 26: Alexandra Hotel, Leura
May 27: Collegians Football Club, W'gong
May 28: Manzil Room
May 29: St George Budapest Soccer Club
June 2: Bayview Tavern
June 3: Shellharbour Inn
June 4: Illinois Hotel
June 5: Old Windsor Tavern
June 9: Bayview Tavern

MANDRAKE
May 27: Comb and Cutter
May 28: Sefton Hotel

MARQUEE
May 27: Lewisham Hotel

THE MARTIANS
June 1: Strawberry Hills Hotel

MENTAL AS ANYTHING
May 31: Tivoli
June 1: Enfield Boulevarde
June 2: BlacktownRSL
June 3: Royal Antler Hotel
June 4: Maroubra Seals Hotel
June 5: Caringbah Inn

MIDAS WELL
May 28: Helensburgh Community Centre

MIGHTY REAPERS
May 30: Manzil Room

MONDO ROCK
May 26: Cessnock Supporters
May 27: Cronulla Workers
May 28: Blacktown RSL
May 30: Bomaderry RSL
May 31: Merimbula Ex-Services
June 1: Batemans Bay Bowling Club
June 2: Fraternity Bowling Club
June 3: Eastern Suburbs Leagues
June 5: Penrith Leagues
June 7: Lithgow Workers
June 8: Parkes Leagues
June 9: Dubbo RSL

MONTREAUX
May 28: Comb and Cutter
June 4: Enfield Boulevarde

MOONLIGHT MATINEE
May 27: Arncliffe Hotel
May 28: Greengate Hotel
May 31: Adams Apple
June 1: Student Prince Hotel
June 3: Mollymook Bowling Club
June 4: Catalina Country Club

M.O.R.
May 28: Engadine Hotel

MR X
June 3: Mosman Hotel

MUSTARD CLUB
May 26: Players
May 28: Manly Vale Hotel
June 2: Hotel Bondi
June 4: Manzil Room
June 9: Bondi Tram

NEUROTICS
May 27: Whitehouse Inn

NEW BREED
May 26: Whitehouse Inn

NIGHTWATCH
May 27: Tollgate Hotel
May 28: Adams Apple

NO FIXED ADDRESS
May 31: Manzil Room
June 4: Comb and Cutter
June 7: Manzil Room

THE NOISE
June 8: Manzil Room

NORTS AND CROSSES
May 26: Hotel Bondi

NUMBERS
June 1: Comb and Cutter
June 2: Manzil Room
June 3: Mona Vale Hotel
June 4: Corrimal Leagues
June 8: Riverwood Hotel

PARTICLES
May 28: ANU, Canberra

PARTY BOYS
June 1: Corrimal Leagues

PECULIAR CLERK
May 27: Campbelltown Leagues

PEL MEL
May 29: Lismore

PRIVATE LIVES
May 28; Hopetoun Hotel
June 3: Manzil Room
June 4: Hopetoun Hotel

PROPHECY
May 26: Collegians Football Club
May 28: Collegians Football Club
May 29: Nowra-Bomaderry RSL
May 31: War and Peace
June 1: Union Hotel, Gosford
June 2: Laurieton Hotel
June 3: Park Beach Hotel, Coffs Harbour
June 4: Exchange Hotel
June 5: Rosebud Soccer Club
June 7: War and Peace

Q.V.'s
May 27: Rosehill Bowling Club
June 3: Blondies, opening, free
June 8: St George Sailing Club

RADIATORS
June 8: St George Sailing Club

RAMS
May 26: Mona Vale Hotel
May 28: Corrimal Leagues

RED BRANCH
May 27: Croyden Hotel

RED OCHRE BAND
May 31: Macksville Hotel
June 1: Billingen Hotel
June 2: Kempsie Tavern
June 3: Sawtell Hotel
June 4: Dorringo Hotel
June 8: Charmhaven Hotel

THE REELS
June 3: Manly Vale Hotel
June 5: Blondies, free

RESCUE SQUAD
May 27: Manzil Room

RIVER RATS
May 27: Gerin Hotel

ROSEWOOD
June 1: Greengate Hotel

ROSIE G
May 27: Hotel Bondi

ROULETTE
June 1: Illawarra Yacht Club
June 3: Arncliffe Hotel
June 7: Corrimal Leagues

SAMURAI TRASH
June 4: Trade Union Club

SCIENTISTS
May 28: Manly Vale Hotel

SEKRET SEKRET
May 27: Trade Union Club
May 31: Strawberry Hills Hotel

SHARKS
May 26: Rest Hotel
May 27: Piccadilly Hotel
May 28: Leumeah Hotel
June 1: Adams Apple
June 2: Rest Hotel
June 3: Brittannia

SHAYLEE WILDE
May 31: Arncliffe Hotel

SIDE FX
May 30: Bomaderry RSL
May 31: Merimbula RSL
June 1: Batemans Bay
June 2: Hotel Australasia, Eden
June 3: Bega Bowling Club
June 4: Shoalhaven Heads Bowling Club
June 5: Shellharbour Inn
June 9: Shellharbour Inn

SINGING DRUMMERS
June 5: Graphic Arts Club

SNAKE
May 27: Padstow Park Hotel

SOGGY PORRIDGE
May 26: Stardust Hotel
May 27: Strawberry Hills Hotel
June 4: Trade Union Club
June 5: Sylvania Hotel
June 7: ANU, Canberra

SPECTRE REVENGE
June 8: Strawberry Hills Hotel

SPY V SPY
May 26: War and Peace
May 27: Royal Antler Hotel
May 28: Enfield Boulevarde
June 3: Comb and Cutter
June 4: Sefton Hotel

STORMY MONDAY
May 29: Ainslie Football Club
June 1: St Mary's Rugby Club
June 2: Didi's
June 3: Southern District Tennis Club
June 4: Scandels
June 5: St Mary's Rugby Club
June 7: Stallions
June 8: St Mary's Rugby Club
June 9: Didi's

STRANGE DESIRE
May 27: Tourmaline Hotel

STUPIDITY
May 28: Mosman Hotel

SWAMP THANG
June 1: Trade Union Club

SWANNEE
May 26: War and Peace
May 27: Stardust Hotel
May 29: Telorah Bowling Club
June 3: Revesby Workers Club

SWEET REVENGE
May 26: Hume Hotel
May 27: Stardust Hotel.
June 3: Whitehouse Inn.

TEX DEADLY AND THE DUM DUMS
May 26: Strawberry Hills Hotel
May 27: Mosman Hotel
May 28: Trade Union Club

TMG
May 27; Nambucca Heads Hotel
June 3: Cabbage Tree, W'gong

TOMORROWS REVUE
June 2: Strawberry Hills Hotel

TURN TO PAGE 29 TURN TO PAGE 29

TOTAL FIRE BAND
May 26: Union Hotel, Gosford
May 28: Cambridge Tavern
June 2: Ingleburn RSL
June 3: Padstow Park Hotel
June 4: Royal Antler Hotel

THE TRIFFIDS
June 3: Trade Union Club

TURNAROUND
May 28: Royal Antler Hotel
June 8: Manzil Room

TWO BOB WATCH
May 27: Hotel Manly

UNCANNY X-MEN
June 8: Enfield Boulevarde

VICKY O'KEEFE BAND
May 27: Mudgee Soldiers Club
May 28; Bexley North Hotel

VOLT EDGE
May 27: Penrigh Leagues
May 31: Epping Hotel
June 7: Epping Hotel

THE WAIT
June 4: Governors Pleasure
June 7: Mitchells College, Bathurst

WENDY AND THE ROCKETTS
June 9: Shellharbour Workers

WICKETY WAK
May 26-29: Twin Towns Services Club

WIDE OPEN
May 27: Greengate Hotel
May 28: Tollgate Hotel
June 3: Adams Apple
June 4: Tollgate Hotel

WILD CAT TAMERS
June 1: Trade Union Club

X-IT
June 4: Greengate Hotel

YAH YAH CHORAL
May 27: Trade Union Club

ZARSOFF BROTHERS
May 28: Corrimal Leagues
May 29: Royal Antler Hotel

VIC

ABBEY ROAD
May 28: Deniliquin Golf Club
June 2: Dava Hotel
June 3: Billboard
June 8: Croydon Hotel
June 9: Welshpool Hotel

ACRYLIC CHEWIES
May 27: The Venue
May 20: Prospect Hill Hotel
June 3: Centre Club Hotel

ACTIVE BATHERS
May 27: The Venue
May 28: Club Chevron
June 3: Club Chevron
June 4: Paynesville Motor Inn

AN AFFAIR
June 3: The Club

BENGAL TIGERS
June 4: Waurn Ponds Hotel

BLISS BOMBS
May 27: The Club
May 28: Mainstream
May 30: Club Chevron
May 31: Macy's
June 1: Prospect Hill Hotel
June 3: The Venue

BRODERICK SMITH
May 26: Billboard — late
May 27: Central Club
May 28: Club Chevron

BUSHWACKERS
May 26: Prospect Hill Hotel
May 28: Croxton Park Hotel

CHEERIO CLUB
May 27: Duke of York Hotel
June 3: Duke of York Hotel

DROP BEARS
May 30: Club Chevron
June 1: Village Green Hotel
June 3: The Club
June 4: Venetian Room

ESCALATORS
June 4: The Club

EXPLODING CATS
May 27: Cross Keys Hotel

FOUR PLAY
June 3: Somerville Hotel

FRENETICS
May 26: Chelsea Hotel
May 28: Armadale Hotel
June 4: Armadale Hotel

FRONTLINE
May 28: Bridge Hotel

THE GANGSTERS
May 26: North Melbourne Football Club
May 28: De Marco's Hotel
June 3: Beaumaris Hotel
June 4: Beaumaris Hotel
June 5: Billboard
June 9: Sherbourne Hotel

GENERAL PUBLIC
June 1: Macy's
June 2: Armadale Hotel

GEORGEOUS GEORGE
May 26: Pier Hotel
May 28: Pier Hotel
June 2: Pier Hotel
June 4: Pier Hotel

GHETTO BLASTERS
June 1: Cross Keys Hotel
June 4: The Club

THE GIANTS
May 27: Dandy Hotel
May 28: Provincial Hotel
May 31: Somerville Hotel
June 1: Croydon Hotel
June 3: Portsea Hotel
June 4: Hamilton Hotel

GIMMIX
May 28: Billboard — early
June 4: Beaumaris Hotel

GOANNA
May 26: Ritchies Nite Spot
May 27: Tarmac Hotel
May 28: Sentimental Bloke Hotel
May 29: Ballarat Civic Centre
June 1: Capitol Theatre, Warrnambool
June 2: The Venue

GO-BETWEENS
June 9: Deakin Uni., Geelong

GOLDRUSH
May 29: Macy's
May 30: Aberdeen Hotel
May 31: Prospect Hill Hotel
June 1: Club Chevron
June 2: The Venue
June 3: Swinborne I of T — day
June 3: Billboard
June 4: Grainstore Tavern

GUIDED TOUR
May 27: Billboard

JENNIFER LEE BAND
June 2: Billboard
June 3: Club Chevron
June 4: Bombay Rock

JON ENGLISH
June 5: Pier Hotel

THE KEVINS
May 27: The Club
May 28: Westernport Hotel

LEARN TO DANCE
May 27: Pier Hotel

LE CLUB FOOTE
May 26: The Marquee

LIQUID ENGINEERS
May 26: Dorset Gardens
May 27: Prospect Hill Hotel
May 28: The Venue
May 28: Mainstream

LITTLE MURDERS
May 28: Clarendon College, Ballarat

MATT TAYLOR BAND
May 26: Crystals Disco
May 27: Armadale Hotel
May 28: Cross Keys Hotel
May 29: Bridge Hotel.
June 1: Prospect Hill Hotel.
June 2: Dorset Gardens Hotel
June 3: Central Club
June 4: Miners Rest Hotel, Wonthaggi
June 5: Bridge Hotel

METRO JETS
May 28: Waurn Ponds Hotel
June 1: Club Chevron

MI-SEX
June 2: Centre Club Hotel
June 3: The Venue
June 4: Sandown Park

MOTHER GOOSE
June 3: Club Chevron
June 4: Bombay Rock

NEW FIVE
May 26: The Club

NIGHT RIDER
May 28: Beaumaris Hotel

NO NONSENSE
May 28: London Tavern Hotel
June 2: Waurn Ponds Hotel
June 3: Cross Keys Hotel
June 4: Club Chevron

OL'55
May 26: Cross Keys Hotel
May 27: North Melbourne Football Club
May 28: Dorset Garden — early
May 28: Bombay Rock
May 31: La Fontana Restaurant, Horsham
June 1: Foundary Arms Hotel
June 2: Barn Palais, Mt Gambier
June 3: Wendouree Hall
June 4: Billboard

THE ONES
May 28: Manhatten Hotel
May 29: Pier Hotel

PARTY BOYS
May 26: Ocean Grove Hotel
May 27: Musiquarium
May 28: Bombay Rock
May 29: Prospect Hill Hotel

PATRICK McMAHON
June 1: Tarmac Hotel
June 3: Billboard

PEL MEL
June 2: Le Club
June 3: Venetian Room
June 4: Ballroom
June 5: Le Tote

PHANTOM BAND
May 26: Prospect Hill Hotel
May 27: Bombay Rock
May 28: Sandown Hotel

PHIL MANNING BAND
May 27: Ritchies Nite Spot
May 28: Poowong Town Hall
June 2: Crosskeys Hotel
June 3: Village Green Hotel

PRIMAL TEARS
May 28: Bombay Rock

PSEUDO ECHO
May 27: Macy's
June 3: The Venue

PYRAMID
May 26: Melbourne Concert Hall — lunchtime, free

RACKET
May 27: Club Chevron
May 28: Chelsea Hotel

THE RADIATORS
June 2: Club Chevron
June 3: Pier Hotel
June 4: Village Green Hotel

RAH RAH THE FLAG
May 26: Club Chevron

RAMROD
May 26: Cockpit

REAL LIFE
May 26: Centre Club Hotel
May 28: The Venue
June 1: Prospect Hill Hotel
June 3: Bombay Rock
June 4: Chelsea Hotel
June 5: Festival Hall

RENEE GEYER
May 26: Armadale Hotel
May 27: Club Chevron
May 28: Dorset Gardens Hotel
May 29: Westernport Hotel

ROCK STEADY
May 26: De Marco's Hotel
May 27: Beaumaris Hotel
May 28: Billboard — late
June 2: De Marco's Hotel
June 3: Beaumaris Hotel
June 4: Portsea Hotel
June 6: Billboard
June 9: Beaumaris Hotel

ROSS RYAN AND THE REDEEMERS
May 31: Club Chevron
June 2: Welshpool Hotel
June 4: Eureka Hotel

THE RUBES
May 27: Village Green Hotel
May 28: Eureka Hotel

THE RUNNERS
May 27: Prospect Hill Hotel
May 27: Billboard — late
May 28: Village Green
May 28: The Club — late

RUSSELL MORRIS
May 26: Dorset Gardens Hotel
May 27: Ritchies Nite Spot
May 28: Armadale Hotel
May 28: Mainstream — late
May 29: Eureka Hotel

SACRED COWBOYS
June 4: Armadale Hotel
June 5: Macy's

SANDY AND THE SHAKERS
May 27: Portsea Hotel
June 4: De Marco's Hotel

SCHISM
May 27: The Club
May 28: Macy's

SHORT STORY
June 1: Club Chevron
June 4: Oasis Hotel, Swan Hill

SOGGY PORRIDGE
June 9: Deakin Uni., Geelong

SOLE TWISTERS
May 27: Aberdeen Hotel
May 28: Poowong Town Hall
May 31: Village Green Hotel
June 3: Cross Keys Hotel
June 4: Club Chevron

SPANIARDS
May 26: Waurn Ponds Hotel
May 27: London Tavern Hotel — early
May 27: Bombay Rock
May 28: Prospect Hill Hotel
June 2: Eureka Hotel
June 3: Grainstore Tavern
June 4: Prospect Hill Hotel
June 5: Mainstream

STORMY MONDAY
May 26: Beaumaris Hotel

STRANGE TENNANTS
May 26: Crystals Disco
May 27; The Venue
May 28: Ocean Grove Hotel
June 3: Telford Westland, Mt Gambier

SURVIVAL
May 27: Riverina Football Club
May 28: Ritchies Nite Spot
May 30: Billboard

SWEET TALKER
May 28: Bridge Hotel

TAILOR MADE
May 26: Ocean Grove Hotel
May 27: Club Chevron
May 28: Bombay Rock
May 29: Prospect Hill Hotel
June 2: Club Chevron
June 4: Hotel Continental

THESE ARE
May 27: Bombay Rock
May 28: Chelsea Hotel
May 31: Club Chevron
June 1: Centre Club Hotel
June 4: Cross Keys Hotel
June 8: Prospect Hill Hotel

THUNDERBUGS
May 27: The Club

TINSLEY WATERHOUSE BAND
May 26: Grainstore Tavern
May 27: Eureka Hotel
May 28: Station Hotel
June 3: Rosebud Hotel
June 4: Station Hotel

TOMBSTONE HANDS
May 27: Duke of York Hotel
June 3: Duke of York Hotel

TONY CATZ BAND
May 26: Armadale Hotel
May 27: Lilydale Agricultural Hall
May 28: Hotel Continental

TOUR DE FORCE
May 26: Ritchies Nite Spot
May 27: Tarmac Hotel
May 28: Sentimental Bloke Hotel
May 29: Ballarat Civic Centre
June 2: The Venue
June 4: Dorset Gardens Hotel

THE TURKEYS
May 26: Whitehorse Hotel
May 27: De Marco's Hotel
May 28: Portsea Hotel
June 3: North Melbourne Football Club
June 4: Ritchies Nite Spot
June 7: Somerville Hotel
June 9: De Marco's Hotel — early
June 9: North Melbourne Football Club

ULTERIOR MOTIVE
May 27: Centre Club Hotel
May 28: Cross Keys Hotel

UNCANNY X-MEN
May 27: Pier Hotel
May 28: Manhatten Hotel
June 3: Armadale Hotel
June 4: Tarmac Hotel
June 5: Prospect Hill Hotel

WENDY AND THE ROCKETTS
May 26: Club Chevron
May 27: Cross Keys Hotel
May 28: Sandown Park Hotel
May 29: Pier Hotel
June 2: Ritchies Nite Spot
June 3: Prospect Hill Hotel
June 4: The Venue

QLD

APZ
June 1: National Hotel

BIG RED
May 27: Glen Hotel
May 28: Grand Hotel
May 29: Royal Mail Hotel
June 1: Caesars Palace
June 2: Wintergarden Tavern
June 3: Bombay Rock
June 4: Surfair
June 5: Wildlife concert at Whispers
June 6: Palm Beach Hotel

CIMERIANS
June 3: National Hotel

CONFLICT
June 4: National Hotel

DANCE THEATRE
May 27: National Hotel

GOLDRUSH
June 5: World Environment Day Centre

HILLTOP HOLDOUT BAND
May 28: National Hotel

IMMACULATE CLOTHES
June 1: National Hotel

THE JOHNNYS
June 3: National Hotel

LES BON-BONS
May 28: Exchange Hotel

MIND SWEEPERS
June 3: National Hotel

MY THREE SONS
May 27: National Hotel

NO FIXED ADDRESS
May 26: Cleveland Sands
May 27: Grand Hotel
May 28: Surfair Hotel

OUTER LIMITS
June 4: National Hotel

PARTY BOYS
June 3: Bombay Rock
June 4: Surfair Hotel
June 5: Whispers

PEL MEL
May 27: National Hotel
May 28: Playroom

PHIL MANNING
June 1: Caesars Palace
June 2: Cleveland Sands
June 4: Grand Hotel
June 5: Playroom

SKIDMARKS
May 26: Miami Hotel
May 27: Miami Hotel
May 28: Miami Hotel
May 29: Grand Hotel

STUNTS
May 27: Bombay Rock
May 28: Bombay Rock

USED PARTS
May 27: Bombay Rock
May 28: Bombay Rock

WILDE FRONTIER
May 26: Whispers
May 27: Playroom
May 28: Carramundi
May 29: Playroom

How To Place Your Dates

How To Place Your Dates

1. Mail to RAM GUIDE, 7th Floor, 50 Margaret Street, Sydney 2000, OR...
2. Phone Michele on (02) 29 6271, OR (best of all)...
3. Telex RAM GUIDE on AGESYD 21383

DATES REQUIRED	COPY DEADLINE
12 May — 26 May	6 May
26 May — 9 June	20 May
9 June — 23 June	3 June
23 June — 7 July	17 June
7 July — 21 July	1 July
21 July — 4 Aug	15 July
4 Aug — 18 Aug	29 July
18 Aug — 1 Sept	12 August
1 Sept — 15 Sept	26 August
15 Sept — 29 Sept	9 September
29 Sept — 13 Oct	23 September
13 Oct — 27 Oct	7 October
27 Oct — 10 Nov	21 October
10 Nov — 24 Nov	4 November
24 Nov — 8 Dec	18 November
8 Dec — 22 Dec	2 December

Transit Lounge

PEOPLE, EVENTS, THINGS ON THE MOVE

IGGY POP, SANTANA, LAUGHING CLOWNS Tours Confirmed

Original Detroit monster IGGY POP returns to Australia early June (See *Entertainment Guide*). The band lineup includes former Blondie guitarist FRANK INFANTE.

Special guest act on at least some of the dates will be downunder Detroit connection: yes, folks, the NEW CHRISTS, starring former Radio Birdman member Rob Younger, getting back together for their mentor's visit. . .

CARLOS SANTANA will make his fourth Australian tour during July. Unfortunately, the nine-piece lineup *doesn't* include luminaries like Booker T. Jones, Tower Of Power Horns, Willie Nelson, Flaco Jiminex and the Fabulous Thunderbirds, who all appear on Carlos' just-released album *Havana Moon*. . .

And the LAUGHING CLOWNS return to their native stage also in July. Their tour kicks off at the Sydney Trade Union Club on Saturday, July 2; the lineup has been slightly revised with the addition of Peter Milton Walsh on bass. Walsh was formerly a singer/guitarist with Brisbane bands Out Of Nowhere and the Apartments; recently he's been working with the New York group Colours. The new Clowns' EP, *Everything That Flies. . .*, comes out on May 30.

Finally, MARTHA & THE MUFFINS are strongly rumoured for June, but no dates as yet. . .

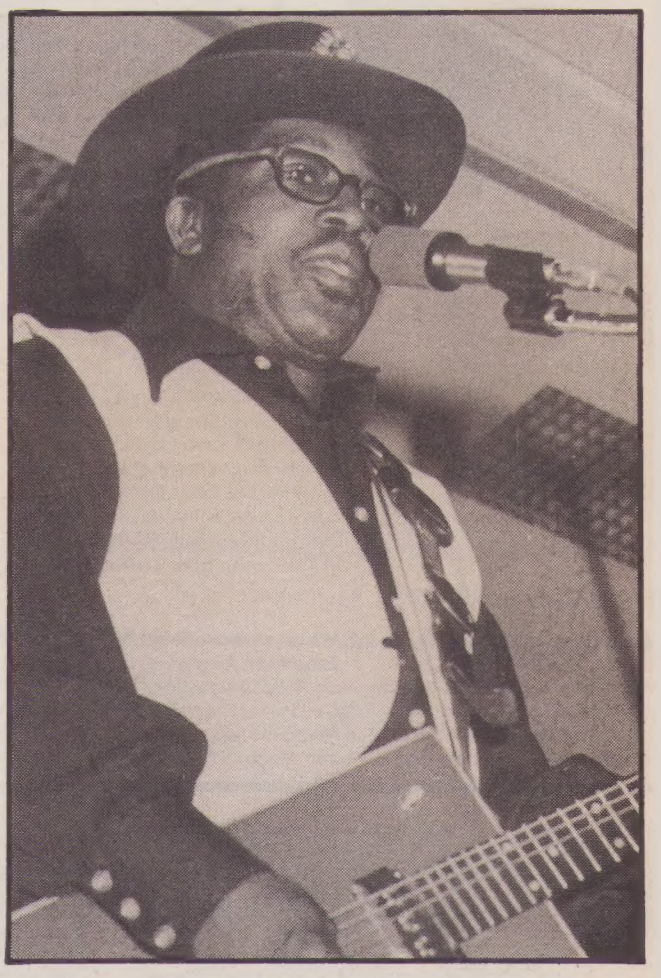
Iggy Pop

ROCK'N'ROLL REVIVAL FOR ENTERTAINMENT CENTRE

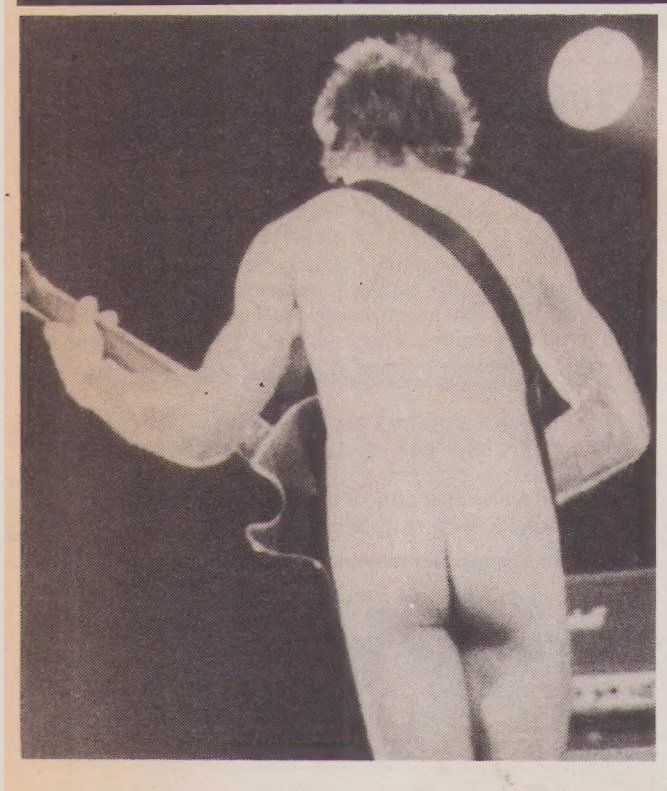
Sydney's new mega venue will get its first taste of no-nonsense big beat on June 12. In a massive benefit for the Multiple Sclerosis Society, the South Pacific Entertainment Corporation is presenting six legendary (not to mention infamous!) acts.

Get back and get down. . . CHUCK BERRY, the PLATTERS, BO DIDDLEY, the SWINGING BLUE JEANS, the DRIFTERS, the TROGGS, and Australia's own greasy boys, OL' 55. Tickets are 16 bucks from Mitchells Bass or the Entertainment Centre.

Nearly all these acts have visited Oz in various forms over the years, but such a combination extravaganza harks back to the roaring tours of the late fifties and early sixties. The one new visitor is the SWINGING BLUE JEANS, the English band who went from playing Liverpool dates with 'The Quarrymen' (later to be known as the Beatles) to having vasto hits like *Hippy Hippy Shake, It's Too Late, You're No Good* and *Don't Make Me Over.*



Bo Diddley



2 TRIPLE JAY HIGHLIGHTS. . . Jolts From The Vaults:

Wednesday, June 1, 10.00 pm — Ian Brakewell; Wednesday, June 8, 10.00 pm — those Men Of Mystery & San Francisco, the Residents.

And if you're not doing anything at 6.00 pm for the next three months, why not become a slavish follower of the adventures of Ruby, a 21st century female detective "who has been set the task of finding out who is manipulating reality"? No, we don't know where they get these scripts from either. . .

PRETENDERS Back With New Lineup

The indefatigable Pretenders have announced a new lineup just weeks after the death of co-founding member, Pete Farndon, and a little over a year since guitarist James Honeyman-Scott exited the planet.

Replacing the fated two are former Foster Brother bassist **Malcolm Foster** and guitarist **Robbie McIntosh** (ex-Manfred Mann and Night).

The revitalised Pretenders are racing to complete their third album, and drummer Martin Chambers for one is itching to tour again.

"It's been a long time between gigs and I'm really looking forward to it," he babbled with excited relish last week.

Despite the fact that nothing is camouflaged, some of you have have difficulty identifying this guitarist. Those of you who said 'John Lennon' have poor eyesight and worse taste; it is in fact BRAD CARR of the Sydney-based band CHOIRBOYS. Must have been a hot one at Dapto Leagues Club last week... Brad's other party trick involves hauling members of the audience on stage and urging them to "'Ave a go". On his guitar of course. . .

MICK JAGGER's New York house — recently redecorated (Pic: R/JB/LFI)

Sydney's ever burgeoning **Larrikin Records** has launched a new label, **Third Degree Records,** for their growing reggae catalogue. First signings are certainly impressive: **Rita Marley** and **Judy Mowatt,** formerly of the **I Three's,** Bob Marley's backing vocalists. A "steady flow of leading reggae artists leased from some of the major reggae producers in Jamaica and America" is promised.

Other local label news. . . **Big Time** are following up the move into the inner-city progressive market (marked by their recent signing of Le Hoodoo Gurus) with the release of a 'Phantom Compilation'. **Phantom Records** have uncovered the early vinyl of bands like the **Sunnyboys, Machinations** and **Le Hoodoo Gurus,** along with groups like **Flaming Hands, the Visitors, The Dagoes, Shy Imposters** etc., and Big Time have received "strong American interest" in the album: the 'Big Beat In The Heart Of The Vinyl Jungle' (Phantom's war cry) may yet be heard across the world.

English singer/producer **Rupert Hine** visiting Oz next month to produce the new album for the **Little Heroes.**

Expect a new single from the **Police** within the next couple of weeks — entitled *Every Breath You Take* b/w *Murder By Numbers,* the long-awaited 45 was recorded in Monserrat between Sting's divorce court hearings. He's written the A-side, to be included on the forthcoming LP, *Synchronicity,* while the flip, a Sting/Summers collaboration, is not bound for the long-play — guess the whodunnit'll be blown by then. . .

Noted Swedish wheelchair snatchers **Stray Cats** have copped a $10 million lawsuit for adding the word 'fuck' several times to their version of Eddie Cochran's *Jeanie, Jeanie, Jeanie. . .*

Drummer **Phil Rudd** has left **AC/DC.** No further details as yet, but one wonders wether the Seedies will have the same concern as Rose Tattoo to canvass Australia for a replacement. Rudd was the sole remaining native Aussie in the band. . .

Can't start 'em too young in the music biz. . . *Any Day But Sunday,* one of the B-side tracks on the forthcoming 12-inch dance mix version of **INXS's** *Black And White* single reportedly has the producer's credit **'James Lee Farriss'.** Young Master Jim is the six-month-old son of guitarist **Tim Farriss. . .**

Applaud when you see the 'APPLAUSE' sign. . . the American television network NBC has axed the all-singing, all-dancing, all-gooey *Kids From Fame* series. Other timely, tasteful choppings include *Quincy, Chips* and *Little House On The Prairie.*

Sydney independent promoters Honky Tonk Angels are to tour singer/guitarist/humourist Jeremy Taylor, who some will remember from his 1979 visit, and others for his long association with Spike Milligan during the 70s. Taylor is an Englishman who made South Africa his adopted home, then was banned from the country for nine years by the government.

Support act is one of the Honky Tonk Angels — Margret Roadnight — who's been spending much time on the road recently. She's just completed the Loudon Wainwright tour and a solo sprint round New Zealand, and will be off on another American jaunt after the nationwide dates with Taylor. *(See Entertainment Guide.)*

And now, at last, and may God have mercy. . . the 'Phyllis & Sharon' Show. Such are the tender nicknames **Elton John** and **Rod Stewart** bestowed on each other years ago, and now the dear old chums are threatening to mount a joint tour next year. Stewart has tired of the tax exile life and has moved back to the UK "so my children can be educated here. And for my other great passion, the football. . ."

While 'Phyllis' gets the young heirs off to boarding school and gets back into full time support for Celtic United, 'Sharon' is about to start on his first movie role — the vehicle, which co-stars Liza Minelli, is called *Hangups,* and we're sure it'll all come out in the wash. . .

Founding members (and most of) **Eurythmics,** Annie Lennox and Dave A. Stewart, score free (and invisible) sessioneers! The duo had just moved into a post-medieval London church, which they intended to convert into a live-in studio. . . long time between blows for a pair of resident ghosts it seems — Dave and Annie would retire after a hard night's refurbishing only to wake up and discover a good two hours' work had been done while they slept. This is the house — it once belonged to an 18th century religious cult called the Agapemonites, whose creed stretched to something they called 'free love'. They bought it.

'Milking a concert gross' may never have the same meaning again! This year's CND rock festival stage will mask a pyramid-shaped cowshed, belonging to Glastonbury (England) dairy farmer Michael Eavis — he'd been struck with the idea of multi-purpose design, and built a permanent stage framework into the infrastructure of his 80-cow dairy. After lengthy negotiations with the local Council, Eavis finally obtained permission to erect the twelve-foot stage — which will be used for this year's CND festival, featuring James Brown, the Eurythmics, UB40, the beat and Curtis Mayfield. Share farm or snare farm?

Recording at Guardian Studios in English country Durham, **Madness** had a strange encounter of the namesake kind — replaying a portion of their upcoming LP, a girl's voice could be plainly heard across all sixteen tracks. They'd not hired a female session singer. . . Said studio proprietor Terry Gavaghan, "We did some research and discovered a six-year-old girl had been run over 30 years ago, outside the house that we converted into this studio. Since then, several bands claim to have heard her, and some say they've *seen* her. . . one loony band reckoned she even took the headphones off their singer's head, but I didn't see that. The voice on the Madness tape was true, though."

Now matter how pretty, your past catches up. . .
Kajagoogoo singer Limahl (real name Chris Hamill) is being questioned by Scotland Yard in relation to the deaths of at least 13 people in North London's House of Horrors. . . all because of a two-year relationship with former manager Quintin Twiss, who has been "helping the police with their investigations" into the alleged mass murder of two months ago. Hamill had released an obscure single on Twiss's label Random Records in 1981, which, er, stiffed. . .

Melbourne avant-gardeners **Essendon Airport** have closed up shop, and founder David Chesworth has also folded his Innocent record label. He's going solo while other members combine with part of Tch, Tch, Tch in a band to be called Flaming Stars.

The Band are to reform especially to headline a big peace festival in Gothenburg, Sweden. It will be their first association since the *Last Waltz* tour and movie in 1976.

And on a smaller scale, but much closer to home, the **Riptides** are getting back together for a five-week tour to promote their long-awaited 'debut' album.

The New, NEW MUSICIANS' CLUB!

The gig posters have been proclaiming the Sydney musos' mecca as the 'New Musicians' Club' for at least a year now, but now it's even newer!

From May 13, a new resident band moved in to the spacious Surry Hills venue — called the **Locals** the lineup contains such legendary fixtures as drummer **Mark Kennedy, Barry Leef** (guitar/vocals), guitarist **Harvey Mann** and vocaliste extraordinaire Ms. **Shauna Jensen,** who graced the last known mutation of the Emmanuel Brothers Band.

Along with a wide array of tempting support acts, the Musos' will feature a series of guest vocalists with the Locals throughout June — all are current recording artists who will indulge the fave rave songs they were never able to (for various reasons) perform in the past.

Admission will be $5 with Friday nights free to members on presentation of their badges. Membership is available at an extremely reasonable $20 per year.

BLONDIE'S — Comfort Rock Goes South

At last. . . a south Sydney suburban spot with space, sights, storeys (2) and sporting soft shoe drink prices — **Blondie's, at 8 Fredrick St, Rockdale.** Three bars (leagues club drink prices), a licensed restaurant, no vision-obscuring columns and a stage area set four feet above floor level — long overdue comfort in sight and sound among several other immediately attractive features. Opening with the **Reels** on June 3, sounds like a good inducement to get out of the city: there's plenty parking, buses, station and cab rank in easy stumbling distance. First month is free admission, and expect the likes of **Wendy & the Rocketts, Runners** and the **Expression** upcoming weekends — get out to it!

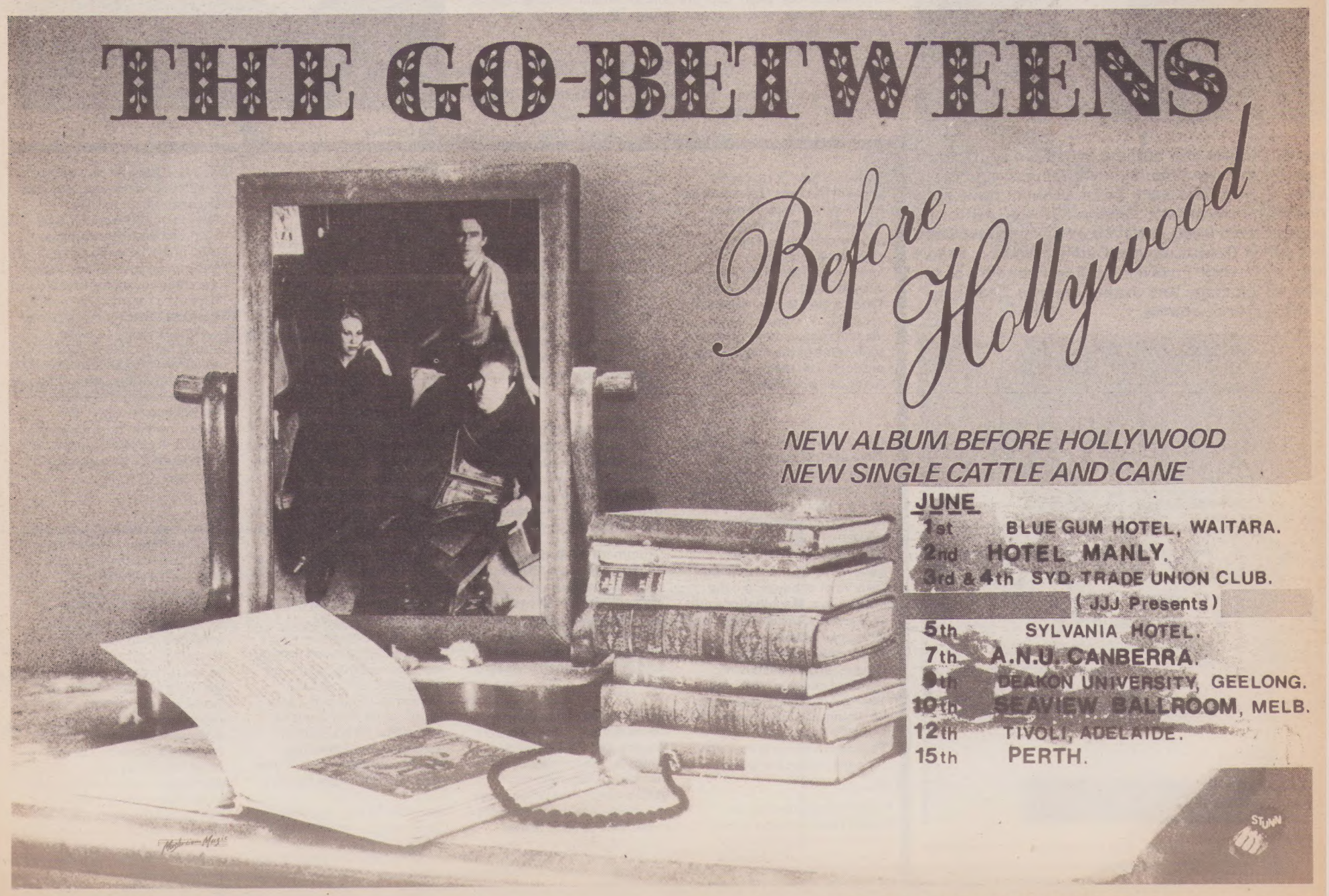
(Pic: Ian Greene)

PENRITH PARK — They Should Have Greased The Pole. . .

The Midnight Oil/Swanee/Matt Finish/Deckchairs Overboard bash was a great afternoon (see *Seen & Heard*), drew 18, 500 people and raised some vast amounts for a series of youth/unemployment projects in Sydney's western suburbs. Final balance sheet will have to await a minor repair bill from Penrith Rugby League football ground: a wire fence was removed at the Oil's insistence, several wooden seats got turned into firewood by tribally minded fans, and expert groundsmen have been called in to revive the playing field turf, which is claimed to have been compressed "some four inches" by the massed stomping of the crowd.

And then of course something will have to be done about the goal posts. "We suggested that the club grease the uprights," sighed Nucleus agency boss **Chris Plimmer.** "We suspected people might try to sit on them."

The club didn't and people did. And if you think the one in the picture looks a bit the worse for wear, well. . . the crossbar at the other end disappeared entirely.



EDGE CITY

J. WALLACE GRUBBLESNUTCH

Mystery Entrepreneur Unmasked!

PAT SHEIL on the trail of Entertainment's 'Mr. Mega'.

YOU WON'T find J. Wallace Grubblesnutch in the phone book. Nor will you see his company, GrubbleCorp, listed in *Fortune* Magazine's Top 500.

Yet Mr. Grubblesnutch is rumoured to be the prime mover of Australian promotions and marketing. It is said that the ruthless, calculating style that has propelled him to the top has ruffled not just a few of Sydney, Melbourne and Dubbo corporate feathers. If you know who Grubblesnutch is, they say, you're either cursing his existence or keeping very quiet about it. If you don't know who he is, you're not making any decisions that count.

Who *is* J. Wallace Grubblesnutch? RAM has found out, and the answer isn't pretty.

His origins are in rock music (of all things). As a sales rep for one of the major record companies, an undisclosed number of years ago, he gained a fearsome reputation for abusing everyone in the business and always being right. After a rather suspect percentage deal on the distribution of *Dark Side Of The Moon* and *Hot August Night*, J. Wallace "disappeared".

For a while in the mid-seventies, the industry thought he'd really gone for good. The Australian industry, anyway. But in the United States, he was barging his way into boardrooms in a dozen cities, convincing several vast communications corporations that they'd better invest in Grubblesnutch before someone else did. Usually, someone else already had. Amassing an enormous amount of capital, he was able to put together one of the most wildly successful scams in American corporate history; Silicon Valley is often referred to 'as 'Grubblesnutch Green'.

J. Wallace Grubblesnutch is a millionaire many times over. He has enough money to settle back and enjoy the good things in life, and indeed his estate in Columbia often sees (and hears) his Lear jet winging in for a month or two of "rest and recreation". But to J. Wallace Grubblesnutch, business *is* the good things in life. And now, he's back in Australia, to "have a bit of fun". What this means for the Australian music industry remains to be seen.

J.W. insists on 24 phone availability (Pic: G.T.)

The first inkling we had that Grubblesnutch was back was a letter that appeared in RAM a couple of issues back. A caustic attack on the whingers in the local music trade, the letter sent shivers of delight and terror through the industry. Sensing that J. Wallace had chosen RAM as the vehicle for his lambast for a good reason, we approached him for an interview. The result? Read on, and come to grips with the no-holds-barred Grubblesnutch view of man, money, and modern marketing. . .

Q. Mr. Grubblesnutch. . .

J.W.G.: Shut up and listen. I didn't tell you to get your arse down here to listen to *you* tell me what's happening. What you and your magazine know about the business you're in I could write on a postage stamp in spray paint. *(Yells)* Someone get me a beer!

Q. But. . .

Q. In your RAM letter, you said that the industry wasn't slave to the economy, and that there's a hell of a lot of money to be made by people who know what they're doing. How do you see the future of the industry?

J.W.G.: For starters, we're going to have to lay off a lot more staff, and maybe cut some salaries across the board. But that's just stuff that anyone in upper management can tell you, but won't.

Look at the shape the industry's in, and ask yourself what the next move should be. Reforming has-been acts, that's a good holding action. Gudinski, now he's a good kid, but not quite brutal enough. He wasted a lot of time waiting for the artists to get things moving, and he should have known better. More stick, Mike, less carrot. As for me, I can think of one or two acts that I could slap back into shape *tonight* if I wanted to, but as I say, it's a holding action.

You can have more fun and make more money breaking bands up, and there's some definite candidates there, no sweat. Actually, some people are coming to see me tomorrow from Melbourne, and you won't be able to see the fans for the shit by next week.

Q. Yeah, but. .

J.W.G.: Don't "Yeah but" me, mate! You don't know what you're doing here, do you? I'll bet you don't know what you're doing when you get back to the office, either!

Q. But. . .

J.W.G.: Shut *up*! You soggy turnip, if you think you can out-Grubble Grubblesnutch, you need what's left of your head read. I'll prove it, too. You go back and tell whatever it is you call an editor that starting in the next issue, there's gonna be some changes. The first change is a new column, *my* column, and it isn't gonna pull any punches. Tell him to call it *Beneath The Bottom Line*, to call me, and that if he doesn't, he can call it quits. OK?

Q. O.K. . .

J.W.G.: Didn't I just tell you to shut up? *I'll* ask the questions, OK? First, whaddaya want?

Q. I want to know what you're doing back in Australia, I want to know how come you've got so much clout in this business, and whether half the things they say about you are true.

(RAM's really sticking its collective neck out here. No-one's talked to J. Wallace Grubblesnutch like that since he was in knee pants. It's not even clear that he ever *was* in knee pants. As Fred Daly once said, "He wasn't born, he was quarried.")

J.W.G.: OK, you asked, I'll tell you. First, I'm here to show a few prize turkeys in this business what's what, *that's* what. Second, I've got clout because I know what's happening before it happens. Third, if you listen to half the shit people say about you, it'll come true. I listen to *all* of it.

Q. What advice would you give to someone starting out in marketing and promotions today?

J.W.G.: *Not* to. I've got it all. But if the bloke's really determined, he's gotta ask himself a couple of hard questions. Like, "Where's mine, and why isn't it bigger?" and "How far can I up the percentage without killing the product?".

You can't mess around with other people's money unless you know how to double theirs and *triple* yours. Otherwise they'll keep ahead of you. You've gotta get yourself in the position where you can fire your backers within the financial year, or you'll be running scared for the rest of your life. Never take shit from *anyone*, unless you can convince someone to buy it. I'll give you an example. Now that Skyhooks reunion, OK? I might have been in Hong Kong when that was going down, but that's where the action was. Now what do you know about the Hong Kong money market? What do you know about South East Asian banking, like who's up front and who isn't? Nothing, right? So what does your magazine know about that Noosa gig? Nothing, right? Mate, that gig was a truly beautiful thing, I can tell you, and I was thousands of miles away.

Q. You once said that musicians were the shit kickers in a particularly ugly business. What did you mean?

J.W.G.: Exactly what I said, what do you think? Rock and roll is the last of the Dark Satanic Mills. It's a bottomless pit of unskilled labour; labour that doesn't expect anything but long bus trips and no money. All you have to do to clean up is fulfill their expectations. It's an investors' dream, if you know what you're doing.

Q.What sort of music, if any, do you listen to at your home?

J.W.G.: When I relax, I stretch out on a granite slab, spread out some balance sheets, and listen to the tapes I had Electric Ladyland make up for me. My favourite is a 32-channel overdub/mix of Wagner's operas with the complete works of the Dead Kennedys.

B.J. and former associates ZZ Top

ZZ TOP — The Donkey View

ZZ TOP have been blasting their blend of power rock, country blues and r'n'b tinged funk through Texas, the lesser states of the Union, and the rest of the world since 1970. The big beards and bigger hats were their most memorable visual trademark until they mounted their 'Bringing Texas To The Nation' tour, on which the stage was filled with clumps of cactus and various other inhabitants of the Texan great outdoors.

These have now been retrenched — which may explain the rather caustic tone of this letter we received from B.J. BURRO, the veteran show-biz donkey. . .

A few years ago ZZ Top gathered together a few members of the animal kingdom: a buffalo, cattle, vultures and that cool, calm and collected big-eared creatured, the burro. (That's me.) We were dragged around the country on a couple of trailers and presented to various venues as part of a 'Bringing Texas to the Nation' tour. Bizarre as it seemed at the time (and still does), people turned up in truck-loads, on bikes, in automobiles and even on foot to witness this unusual mixture of rock stars and animals.

"It was a great new dimension to our visual side and to rock and roll. Mind you, they even travelled much better than we did. They had their own trailer and an all-weather monitoring system. They were fed three luscious meals a day and were cleaned as well as groomed regularly," comments Bill Gibson, ZZ's lead guitarist.

Bullshit! (If my bovine associates will excuse the expression.) Mr. Gibson has got his facts confused. I travelled on this tour with my animal friends, most of whom I had never had any contact with before. The one thing that we all had in common was that we were all herbivorous, which meant we were not going to resort to attacking each other for dinner. We were, therefore, on an equal footing. The exception were the vultures — they prefer meat (preferably dead). Fortunately, they don't have the guts to slaughter their own food — they're quite happy to let someone do the killing for them. I had often seen them around the countryside in Texas devouring dead animal carcasses. I'm sure they had a fair share of human flesh to chew on during the Civil War, a selection of native Red Indian and cowboy corpses that lay unclaimed by immediate kin. But anyway, this was before my time. We all had no choice, so we acted quite civil towards each other.

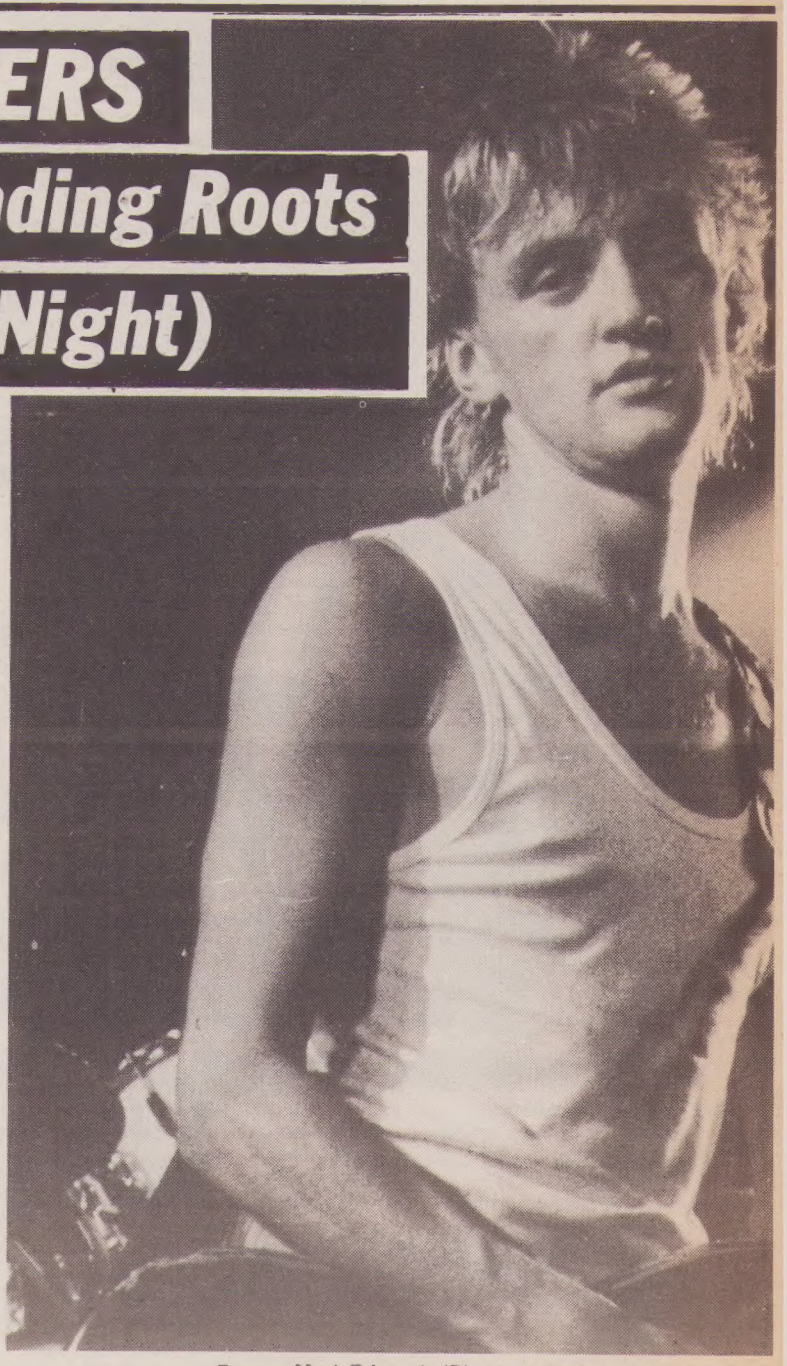
Us burros have generally been regarded as stupid, unintelligent animals. I used to get extremely annoyed at some of the humans playing around with my ears. 'What a lovely thingy-pooh he is, OH! Isn't he just gorgeous?' Some of the hippies would use all these freaky phrases, like 'He's far out man, just dig his coolness, what a scene!' Damn it my ass, what silly comments!

We were not, as Bill would have you believe, fed three luscious meals a day. There was enough grass and various leaves to satisfy even the most devout vegetarian, but it would have been more polite and courteous for our human attendants to offer us some lettuce, cabbage or carrots, but those were reserved for Bill and his two friends. What we had was definitely not 'luscious', if my understanding of the adjective is correct, and I am certain it is.

Being a Yank myself, I can safely say we have a habit of stretching the truth and making a big deal out of ordinary situations. It's part of the American manner, and I can dig it. We were displayed each night in front of thousands of young Americans, most of whom I must say, appeared stoned or drunk, usually both. Bill and his cohorts would crank up their amplifiers and play their weird combination of power-trio rock, country blues and funky-punk r'n'b. How my hearing and that of my fellow animals survived still amazes me. I had never thought humans were capable of producing such loud noises — each night was total mayhem.

The funniest part was the stage clothes these guys wore — rodeo tailors' outfits, ten-gallon hats and

THE RUNNERS — Transcending Roots (On A Good Night)



Runner Mark Edwards (Pic: Jock McAuley/Optic Nerve)

BAD NIGHTS. Everybody has them, sometime or other. For a band, they may take the form of a gig where the singer discovers his purple silk stage pants have returned from the laundromat shrunken beyond recognition or repair, where the guitarist breaks a string mid-*Shakin' All Over* and has to *sing* the riff, where the audience is small enough and quiet enough to be camouflaged by the shadows, and where a critic is present, reviewing.

In such circumstances the normal practice is to slam the door in the critic's face when she comes pottering backstage afterwards, hiss *'Go away'* through the dressing-room wall and then burst into tears. Especially if the dressing-room happens to be the ladies' toilets.

The Runners behave a little better. They also deserve better. A Melbourne band, they've been together for about two years, and 12 months back had a Top 20 hometown hit with their debut single, *Sure Fire Thing*. The followup *(Hook, Line And Sinker)* sunk, but their new single *Endlessly* and the album that spawned it, *Hitting The Wall*, are quite impressive, auguring well for their future. Although

cowboy boots. I thought they looked ridiculous in their costumes, and so did my friends. I later learnt that this was merely an image the band wanted to portray — an identity ploy to set them apart, a label that would enable people to recognise them.

"Our stage attire changes from time to time. There was a notorious eccentric in the U.S. known as Howard Hughes — after him we have been nicknamed the 'Howard Hugheses of Blues' — because of our rodeo (ridiculous) flashy outfits," muses Bill.

I personally have never heard of this Howard Hughes character. That means he is not a farmer or a rock musician. But from what I've heard about him, he sounds like a real asshole. Frankly, he is not the sort of character worth knowing. Anyway, he has been dead for some time now hasn't he? It would have been wise to have handed him over to my vulture friends, they would have disposed of him neatly.

Actually, the vultures almost stole the show from the lads during one of their earlier gigs. They purposely deviated from the script and caused widespread panic. We all looked at each other and nodded our heads in approval. It just proved that we animals were capable of doing our own thing, and could confuse humans if we wanted to.

"The vultures were in fact jostled and possibly mildly confused. The only time I remember them hovering over people's heads was in Richmond, Virginia, and of course they were large birds. They were trained to land on their trainer's head, and the only way they could recognise the trainer's head was by the white hat he wore. Well, at this show there were quite a few people in the audience wearing white hats, and the birds took a bit of time to locate their trainer's head somewhere at the back of the auditorium — thereby causing near total panic and hysteria," reckons Bill.

Well, that's more or less an accurate account of what happend. Only thing he forgot to mention, and it's quite understandable, because you humans get embarrassed easily, is that a lot of underpants were well and truly soaked by the end of this unexpected episode. Which probably explains the title of ZZ Top's new album, *Eliminator*. There is no new sound on this album, or any surprises for that matter — I should know.

Gimme All Your Loving is typical stuff from this apolitical, 'turn up the dial-we'll have fun' band. It seems a lot safer (especially with the situation being what it is in America) to write banal love songs. Whether one takes a serious view of love songs, statements or sentiments from the land of alimony is entirely one's choice (if one has any choice). For a nation that chose a B-movie actor as its president, it's difficult to take anything they say seriously.

Predictably, this tune proceeds into *Got Me Under Pressure*, a mid-tempo rocker reminiscent of the band's powerhouse trademark (which these days is more a mere shadow of that mark). Well! If she has got you under pressure, do something about it, like fix yourself a double scotch, swallow it in one mouthful, loosen your tie (or anything else that might need loosening), and *relax*. If this doesn't work, she really *has* got you under pressure. However, in the land of the free, anything is possible. Dip into your wallet, dash to your local shrink, tune into his wavelength and hope for the best. Damn! This lousy therapy ain't doing me no good — I think I'm gonna get myself a voluptuous Shetland pony and lay some good lovin' on her instead. . . so goes the lyrical message with hidden (but hardly invisible) sexual overtones.

"The video clip of *Gimme All Your Loving* features the hot rod automobile pictured on the sleeve of the album, some superb acting and loads of beautiful women," says Bill. "In fact, the MTV cable network is screening the video clip today."

Hot dog!

More sexual innuendos on side two complete a rather dull, uninspiring album. They are capable of better stuff; perhaps they will try a new sound on the next one — they'd better call us in, I reckon. The group will be touring Australia in November/December, (sadly) without us animals.

So went the last letter I got from Bill. Oh yeah, here's the postscript. . .

"Tell everybody we'll see them at the beach. We know the surf is up and we'll be bringing our surf-boards."

Me, I've got a trailer to catch. . .

ROBERT BANGO

Entropy, The Universe and Some Possible Sydney Stars

"Some folks say that there's beings in outer space who're more highly advanced than we is. On the other hand there's some folks reckon we's the most intelligent beings in the universe. Either way it's a mghty universe. Either way it's a mighty sobering thought."
— with apologies to Pogo

The Second Law Of Thermodynamics has really got me down. For the last six months all I've been hearing around the traps are stories of doom and gloom about how the thrill has gone, there are no exciting groups, no imagination, it's all cappuccino and dippiddy do. It's a difficult argument to counter. It's true that most of the brightest stars have burnt out, that a lot of jerks and poseurs have been a lot more successful than they should've been. In fact it looks increasingly entropic.

According to the Second Law Of Thermodynamics, or 'Entropy Within A Closed System' (where the amount of energy is fixed), the energy is slowly dissipated and everything slows down until a minimum level is reached. Some scientists will tell you that entropy is the ultimate fate of the universe, and some long-time liggers will tell you that it's the *immediate* fate of the Sydney rock scene. There is, however, a solution: the introduction of new information or energy into the fixed system, and if you want my totally unscientific opinion I'd say there's plenty of evidence of new information coming in. There may not be any super novas overnight, but there are quite a few stars in the making.

The worship of the sixties which has gripped Sydney for the past five years has reached a level of absolute nausea. The constant plundering of obscure classics to cover a lack of imagination has just about exhausted all the possibilities short of reviving extended drum solos. **Grooveyard** are a band who rely heavily on the melodic, guitar-based sixties approach with the mitigating qualities of their musicianship, good taste (despite the name) and John Schofield's songwriting.

Up till now Grooveyard have been an unashamed party band, though the recent departure of frontman Geoff Rhoe has added momentum to their career. A great frontman, Geoff simply wasn't as good a singer as Schofield, and now as a four-piece they've left their naive charm behind and are slowly putting together an identity of their own. Watch out Steve Kilbey.

The **Myth** are yet another band who have been labelled sixties revivalists, a little unkindly I think. Though again their roots are obvious, their songwriting is the trump card. Andrew Leitch, the former Riptide guitarist (a star whose centre has cooled) put the band together in Brisbane last year, though they acquired drummer Murray Shepherd in Sydney.

A tight four-piece, the Myth are capable of great harmonies and imaginative guitar work (from Andrew and Ross). Their obvious love of the pop song format, rather than limiting the band, gives them the chance to experiment in songs like *The Case*, which bends the genre, or *Ballad In E* which adds to it rather than simply repeating tired formulae. Though they still have their rough nights and the rhythm section hasn't quite settled down, the four-song demo that's been doing the rounds of the independent labels suggests great things from this band in the near future.

Hoi Polloi kicked off about the middle of last year but only really hit their stride around Christmas. The band formed around D'arcy Condon and Paul Thirkell, who'd been together in the Playboy Lords and Hey Pineapple; they teamed up with John Hackett and the Samperi brothers (Tony and Len) and have found a sound that owes a debt to the blue-eyed soul of Alex Chilton and Dan Penn, though with a decidedly modern interpretation. Hoi Polloi's talent lies in their ability to create music that is both danceable and melodic, without succumbing to this ersatz 'over the top' emotionalism which brings down most similar bands. Solid craftsmanship is the name of the game.

Eclectic tastes ranging from the Box Tops to Captain Beefheart and their own writing abilities are all good pointers to a healthy future for the band. With the beginnings of a strong momentum propelled by a recently-completed five-track EP with Lobby Loyde, Hoi Polloi are destined to become one of the brightest stars in coming months.

Out in the left field is **Samurai Trash** who, like Hoi Polloi, have been going for some months but are only now picking up speed. Unlike most of their contemporaries who eschew the standard rock'n'roll format, Samurai Trash don't simply replace rock cliches with their so-called modern equivalents. Perhaps the closest comparisons would be the early Laughing Clowns (in approach), or guitarist Geoffrey Datson's EP, *Belle De Soir*. A healthy dose of Beefheart, some funk, the lyricism of the early West Coast bands, and Mark Foster's imagistic songwriting makes for a sound that has the best, most flexible arrangements this side of *Astral Weeks*.

Mark Foster (who sang with the original Popular Mechanics) writes most of the songs, which range from the bucolic to the violent. And he sings them with a unique understanding of phrasing, which makes the most unlikely things work. Datson and Foster on guitars and dulcimer seem to work at odds with the rhythm section at times, though when the band is firing the whole thing slots in perfectly. Basically the band stands or falls on the rapport of the five players, a openness which allows for some startling moments and implies some great potential disasters.

Samurai Trash, along with all the bands mentioned, are still working at it. Ultimately, whether audiences like them or not comes down to whether they want their entertainment served on a plate or whether they want to take a few chances occasionally. And that is where the solution to social entropy lies — letting in the new information.

TOBY CRESWELL

Hoi Polloi

Endlessly **was produced by Charles Fisher, the rest of the production is credited to Robert Ash, who has mostly engineering experience and has worked with the B52's, Steve Winwood and Roxy Music. Ash was recommended by Island Records' Chris Blackwell, a friend of Runners' manager Barry Earle. Of Ash, the band ventures cagily that "He's English, and he makes a great cup of tea."**

"We're relatively content with the album but there are some things we'd like to change," admits Mark Edwards, the lead singer, rhythm guitarist and principal songwriter. "I suppose the grumbles we have are. . . that we'd love to do it again!"

"I think it took too long," says guitarist Trevor Reading. "Not the time *we* took, but the time Robert Ash took working on it."

Paul McNaughton, bassist and diplomat, interjects. "It ran overtime to release it before Christmas, and we didn't want to release it *at* Christmas with all the others, so we waited till after. Then our record company, Mushroom, wanted to hear a single, which turned out to be *Endlessly*."

Endlessly **was one of a batch of songs written post-recording, which explains the change in producer. "It's about a real-life character," Mark recounts, with an air of explaining the obvious, "who tries to come to grips with his conscience, but he doesn't really want to put all his effort, his energies, into it, and hence he fails; hence he's endlessly *waiting* to come to grips with his conscience.**

"Most of my songs are true stories, with the characters' and place names changed. For me, a song has to *mean* something, and I think there's a bit of a twist in a lot of them too."

The band are well aware that some listeners are prejudiced against the Runners' music simply because it's traditionalist rock, very much American-influenced; and they resent being dismissed off-handedly on stylistic grounds. Take for instance a recent review which remarked on how the vocals stray towards an American accent. . .

"I grew up listening to American singers," Mark responds, (and already his argument sounds familiar). "I listened to Gram Parsons and the Flying Burrito Brothers, and I learned to sing by singing along with those records at home. That developed into Tom Petty and stuff, so that's my style. But what about Richard Clapton and James Reyne and Michael Hutchence and Jimmy Barnes? They all use Americanisms all the time!"

"As a singing teacher," nods keyboardsman Les Price, a recent addition to the band, "I can say that if you listen to an Irish band or a Scottish band or an American band or an Australian, they all sing with what's called a universal accent. And it just *sounds* American. That's the way it is. Like, you can't sing 'grass' *(as in 'arse')*. You've got to sing 'grass' *(as in 'ass')*."

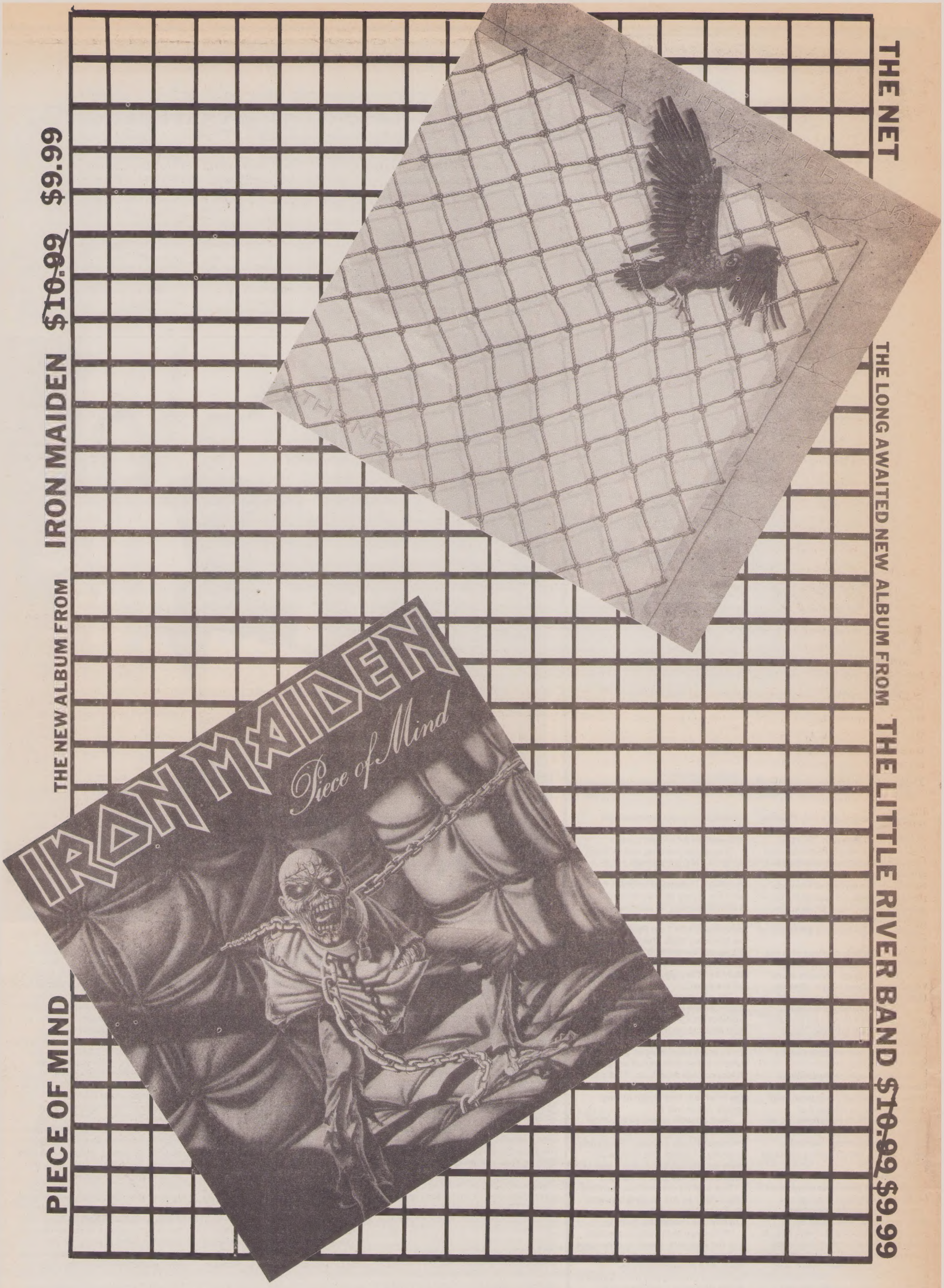
"And up until recent years, most Australian bands were copying overseas things anyway," Paul adds breezily. "I mean, the Easybeats were an *English* band, and it was all *Arkansas Grass* kind of stuff. . ."

This is fairly contentious territory (*especially* as Arkansas Grass *was an Axiom tune* — Ed.)
Luckily Les continues, quickly.

"When you're talking about style and the Runners, I went to three gigs before I joined them and I listened to them, and couldn't find any reference point to any other band I'd heard. But all I knew was that it seemed like a combination of all the various sounds I wanted to hear, and that it sounded to me totally original. That's why I liked it."

He might well have added that while Mark Edwards is not naturally an outstanding vocalist, he gives every indication of developing into an extremely good frontman. Even on a bad night he's worth the cost of admission, and on a *good* night. . . Well, a band worth watching.

ELLY McDONALD



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Ms. ARCHER's NEW DEAL

Singer, writer, actress, musician... ROBYN ARCHER is flat out on many fronts. She's released five albums ranging from rock to Brecht, and written and performed several one-woman shows that have been highly successful in England and Australia.

The last of these was The Pack Of Women *— "a cabaret about women" — which she debuted in London in 1981 to rave reviews. Now she's bringing it back home, but for the first time she's directing her own show rather than playing in it. ELLY McDONALD managed to momentarily distract the author and her cast during final rehearsals at Sydney's Seymour Centre...*

IN ALL, it adds up to something fierce. The red bandanna, knotted around her forehead, brings to mind modern-day pirates in the South-East Asian straits. The Boadicea colouring — bright blue eyes, fiery red hair — conjures up an ancient warrior queen. On the eve of the Australian premiere of the sixth show she's written, the first she's directed, Robyn Archer seems all concentrated energy. If you touched her, you'd get an electric shock.

It's energy directed towards a specific purpose, and the purpose at this immediate point is a technical rehearsal. She's in a hurry. Going over her achievements to date, one might surmise that she is, in the wider sense, a lady who's generally in a hurry. Certainly she's come a long way from the days when she was Miss Smith, my first-form student teacher. Such is the power of association that, along with cut-throats and woad-daubed savages, the sight of Ms Archer summons a barrage of schoolday memories which hit me like a bucket of iced water in the face. I'm instantly intimidated, squeak out a few marginally relevant questions (a sorry excuse for an interview), and retreat.

Fortunately I've already spoken with the cast. They're voluble and friendly and enthusiastic about the show, titled *The Pack Of Women*.

"It was devised by Robyn," Jane Clifton tells me, as we sit around in the dressing-room prior to the rehearsal. "It's a cabaret of sorts, and it was originally performed in London in 1981. Basically, it's a collection of songs, prose and poetry pieces, humour, dancing... the works! All performed by the three of us — (Michele Fawdon, Judi Connelli and Jane Clifton) — and by the band, which is led by Andrew Bell. He's the musical director (and he's written a lot of the music too), and the others are Jeremy Wesley and Dianne Spence."

Judi Connelli takes up the tale. "In the sense that the show has four 'seasons' to it — like the four suits, spades, hearts, diamonds, clubs — the card-game is the theme; card-games of different types, like patience, old maid and five-card stud poker. Life as a gamble, with the rules changing.

"It's interesting right from the word go, because it opens with us sitting at the card table playing five-card stud poker. Women really should be mixing the drinks, wearing feathers and serving the gentlemen in the bar, you know? So we use these women sitting around playing cards as the springboard; *not only* is it unusual for women to be playing poker, but we're going to show you a few other unusual ways of looking at women...

"Robyn's integrated the musical numbers with pieces of prose by people like Virginia Woolf, Olive Shriner, Lucy Stone," expands Michele. "People who've been in the feminist movement, since 1900. But it's not a heavy 'message' show as such. For instance, there's a piece by H.G. Wells which is a sendup of the real bigotry in a lot of male attitudes, and it's really extremely funny."

"*A pack* of women sounds like a pack of marauding dogs," frowns Judi, returning to and worrying the point. "But it's really a pack of cards. *We're* a pack of cards." Jane Clifton laughs. "*Real* cards!"

Of the three, Jane is the most familiar to rock audiences. She sang with Melbourne band Stiletto, among many others — most recently, the 11-piece outfit Joe Camilleri toured with to promote his latest album *Cha.*. She's also well-known as an actress, having been an inmate of TV's *Prisoner*. Like Jane, Judi was a regular on *Prisoner* (and before that *The Young Doctors*), but her forte is the musical. She's appeared in umpteen major musicals and two one-woman shows; she's had her own cabaret act and can, in all modesty, claim to be a star.

As can Michele Fawdon, who won both a Sammy and the Australian Film Institute Best Actress award for her lead role in *Cathy's Child*. Michele has a diverse and impressive list of credits, (again) including her own cabaret act and ranging through television to film to playing the original Mary Magdalene in *Jesus Christ Superstar* to her main focus, legitimate theatre. A highly-regarded stage actress, for the last 18 months she's worked principally as a Nimrod Theatre company member.

"All of us as performers are singers, actresses, bits of dancers, bits of comics and bits of this and that," says Jane, with some under statement. "*The Pack Of Women* provides us with the opportunity to do all these things except juggling — and that'll be in next week! We're all required to use every part of our range, so we each have a serious moment in the show, a funny moment, a song and dance — everything!"

"Musically it's just amazing," adds Judi, "because each of the musicians plays about 19 instruments. So you go from the violin to the sax to the banjo to the bass guitar..."

"... Because we cover so many periods, from fugues to rock'n'roll," says Michele, completing the sentence.

Andrew Bell, a colleague of Jane's from Stiletto and formerly of *Circus Oz*, was musical director in the London production as well, but it's unlikely he'll be racked by boredom just yet; according to the cast, *The Pack Of Women* is constantly evolving.

"A lot of it's been changed from the original production," Jane explains.

"At a basic level, it's changed because Robyn was performing in the original show but here she's directing. And one of the girls in London wasn't a singer as such — she was more of an actress. So here, there's a lot more group singing, a lot more harmony singing. The show has been adapted to us three as performers, because we've had input as well, and Robyn's changed things to suit us."

"She's the most amazing woman!" enthuses Judi, who (like the others) admits to being mid-thirties-ish and virtually born in a trunk. "As we got into the show she'd think 'Well, we need some songs for this kind of voice or that voice', and she'd just go home, write, and come in with these amazing new songs!"

"Like, we had a whole section on prostitution which we scrapped to one song, because it encapsulated it all and suited my voice so well," nods Jane.

Judi continues. "The *voices* together are just extraordinary. I think it was actually an accident, because I certainly didn't audition and Robyn had never seen me working until she saw me at Kinsela's one night. I think her idea was to bring together people who are established entertainers in their own right..."

"We all knew of each other, but we actually had not met before," confirms Michele.

How is Robyn to work with?

"Lots of energy, lots of ideas!" Michele laughs, eyes sparkling. "She's been standing back while we learn all the dots and words. She's really so patient. She'll just say 'Try it *this* way.'"

Judi: "I'm amazed that she can sit back and hear songs she's done, and not say '*Not* like that!!'"

Robyn, for her part, is "absolutely delighted at hearing different versions" of her songs. She points out that when she devises a cabaret show like *The Pack Of Women*, she always intends that it should be flexible enough to accommodate the different people involved, without fundamentally altering the original concept. For instance, references to British politics which were featured in the London production have been removed, but as Michele explains, "It's been adapted to Australia. Jane does a really stunning aboriginal piece, a poem by Lee Cataldi. People will definitely think about everything they're hearing. They'll listen. And if they don't want to do that, they'll still be seeing a fabulous show!"

"'Cos there's so much glitter, so many frocks!" Jane giggles, her gaze wandering towards the flouncy, red saloon-girl dress hanging from a hook on the dressing-room wall. "If they're bored for a minute by what they're hearing, they can just *look*. We have one costume each and we make the most of it!"

More seriously, she continues. "It was really good to view the London show on video, because with a lot of the stuff in script form, we weren't quite sure how it'd work on stage."

"It seemed quited intense on paper," agrees Michele. "There's the sort of propaganda aspect, just because it's mostly written by women, and we got a bit worried that it might be a bit heavy, a bit message-y. But that turned out to be groundless, because there's so much humour in the show. We inflicted our own personalities on it!"

"And 'inflicted', I think, is well-chosen!" Jane ripostes.

None of the three is comfortable describing herself as 'feminist', though Michele says she's in sympathy with "anybody who's hungry". But, "I don't think anything is achieved by alienating people. The only way you're going to achieve anything is by *enlightening* people, and Robyn is doing that in a very entertaining way."

"'Feminist' is one of those words which is bandied around," comments Jane, "and I don't like using it because people react badly to it. People have these ideas about what a 'feminist' is: for some people it's lesbian separatism, for others it's silly women burning their bras. Just don't stick us in overalls, or anything like that!"

Judi agrees wholeheartedly. "*The Pack Of Women* does deal with women's concerns, and it's a piece Robyn has devised to have a certain thrust, but it's mainly entertainment. And because we're on the stage the whole time, it doesn't stop. The show has such pace that the audience are led up and down, up and down, and they can't immediately dwell on the issues it raises because they're being moved along to something else. It's like a box of Fantales."

Jane: "It's like a box of *Fantales*, with little messages — like Chinese fortune cookies!"

Judi: "You trivialise *everything*..."

Jane *(to me)*: "Use that quote. It's big. We might even get a concession on *Fantales!*"

Michele Fawdon, Jane Clifton, Judi Connelli and Robyn Archer (Pic: Robert McFarlane)

LOU REED

— Between The Gutter And The Front Room

'I don't like opera/And I don't like ballet/And new wave French movies/They just drive me away/I guess that I'm dumb/'cos I knows I ain't smart/But deep down inside/I got a rock and roll heart!'

(Lou Reed, 1976)

IF THE return to active greatness of Lou Reed — as marked by *The Blue Mask* and *Legendary Hearts* — has reminded us of anything, it is that in the history of art only two guitar players have really mattered; Jimi Hendrix was The One; Lou Reed is The Other.

Through no fault of his own and totally contrary to the fretful outpourings of his soul, Hendrix has in retrospect been a bad influence. Far too complicated a role model, he was a figure often mimicked by the impressionable, rarely matched and certainly never emulated. A cul de sac.

In contrast the Lou Reed style was never an end in itself, but the means to somewhere else. To Lou the guitar was always a component part — not the art. He was thus the first modern guitar player and, now that he has found an equal partner in Robert Quine, he is once more its finest practitioner.

"My problem has been that there aren't many people I could play guitar with," opines Reed. "It's not that I can't get along with them personally or can't go to the movies with them, it's just that I can't play guitar with them."

Reed has always needed the guitar as crutch — his own rhythm playing as tone setter and pacemaker. Without the guitar many of the otherwise perfectly good songs of his solo LPs have foundered for want of a Reed melody. Without a guitar to hold onstage, Reed was wont to strut himself through the ridiculously macho posturing of his last London appearances. Deliberately parodic or not, he made himself look daft.

But with *The Blue Mask* and *Legendary Hearts*, the Reed-Quine partnership has re-established the principles of the modern guitar group introduced by the Velvet Underground, and in so doing they've redefined the thrill of rock and roll music as adventure.

Reed's gift of the guitar is a zen-like code that, with practice, can be applied with devastating results.

Think of those who gratefully picked up Reed's gift and you'll recall the elegant terror of McKay-period Banshees (defunct), a few soaring moments of UK Decay (defunct), the exhilarating flights of Fire Engines (defunct), the sweet torture of Tom Verlaine, the reality fractures of the Meat Puppets, Angry Samoans and pre-precious Eno, the taut dreamy melodies of Orange Juice, the nervous romance of New Order. . .

Reed's style is a pointer to poets who understand that art is a coupling of heart and mind, not a contortion of the wrist. It glitters precisely because it is functional and unshowy. And because its gleam is hidden he has been spared the attention of fools — if not the damaging glare of mythologists — who could never grasp the riddle of his simplicity.

Explain it again, Lou!

"I thought long ago," he drawls patiently, "that to do what I wanted to do didn't really require more than one chord, but for variety's sake two or three was fine. . . I've always liked those very basic, very simple rock and roll changes, always have. I've never heard anything I like more than that. Not in opera, nor classical music; not in jazz nor in show tunes. Not movie music. Nothing. Nothing has impressed me as much as the most basic rock and roll chord change and by that I mean, say, E to A.

"And to this day when I hear that change done right — and it can be done wrong — I get an abnormal degree of pleasure from it.

"I used to think 'wouldn't it be wonderful to put a melody over that, something that would stick like grease'. . . No, that's a poor choice of words. . . *glue*? But I don't mean glue. Er, Satan wrap? Now it's getting too phallic!

"Anyway, you know what I mean. And then wouldn't it be great if the lyrics also had some substance to them and were as simple and as elegant as that change from one chord to the other?"

LOU REED'S one British hit *Walk On The Wild Side*, wonderful though it was, has proven to be a real albatross.

With Bowie's and Ronson's production/patronage, Reed was embraced by the British for the first and only time. *Transformer*, the LP from which the hit came, was a glam masterpiece. Songs like *Make Up* and *Andy's Chest* were glam primers. This, Reed's second solo LP, was a camp chronicle of Warhol's New York, a comic strip index to Factory characters, an introduction for newcomers to the Velvet Underground. Trouble was, when the glam mascara began to run, it distorted Britons' focus on Reed.

Suddeny four Velvet Underground LPs were telescoped into a few songs such as *Heroin* and *Sister Ray* and *The Gift*, which were served as evidence of Lou Reed-as-monster. Mistaking Reed's characters for the man himself — despite his constant invocation of the Christopher Isherwood Amendments, *He is a writer and the invents characters* — the British press found ample substance in Reed's bizarre behaviour of the period to justify their accusations.

The purity of his vision temporarily corrupted, Reed spent three years acting out a screamingly ugly caricature of a Velvet Underground character. During his 'Rock And Roll Animal' phase he mimed shooting up onstage. For *Sally Can't Dance* he bleached his hair blond, cropped it real close and painted his face up like a death's head.

But inside three years he had well and truly exhausted that particular legend. And though he wrenched himself out of the wretched mess of being a career corpse fully eight years ago, the Boy Scouts of the British press — having created the monster for and from Reed — persist in testing every subsequent recording against *their* monster.

Placed back to back with such an overwhelmingly supernatural being, it is no small wonder that the real Lou Reed has been found wanting a little in sensation!

Reed brought the ugliest phase of his career to a crashing fullstop with the magnificently brutal gesture of *Metal Machine Music* in '75 — four sides of pure noise of equal length and unlistenability — which cleared the way for *Coney Island Baby*, one of Reed's most enduring love songs. His creative system purged of poison, he had the sufficient distance to home in again on the seamier sides of New York.

"I WENT TO school," expands Reed today, "and I'm not illiterate, which isn't to say that people who go to school are literate. But, for my part, I studied literature, drama, movies, and even journalism, believe it or not. (At Syracuse University, New York, circa '64, before he became a staff song writer for Pickwick Records, immediately prior to the Velvet Underground.)

"It was odd, but I found my way to existential philosophies, though I didn't know it was in vogue then. I was reading a lot of that, with the end result that it put an end to any interest I might have had in it for the rest of my life.

"I thought Hegel was the ugliest man I've ever seen. . . To read Hegel was to know pain," continues Reed in a flat monotone. "We used to get two hours to explain one sentence of Hegel, which was just. . .

"Anyway, after that I appreciated the simplicity of certain ideas. But, nevertheless, I was very, very taken aback that people were surprised when the Velvet Underground very consciously set out to put themes common to movies, plays and novels into a pop song format. For Godsakes, you know, take these poppy lyrics out and put these other ones in; in the same style, of course, and then just to see the horrified reaction...," finishes Reed with a hint of amazement and disappointment.

That Reed could get away with "difficult" topics back then, and can still deal with them now, is down to the streamlined elegance of his writing and the deadpan tone of his delivery. His greatest songs have the intimacy of a conversation, a confession whispered guiltily in your ear.

You can always tell a bad Lou Reed song by the level of urgency he imparts it with.

If he's screaming it at you, I'd hazard a guess he feels its inadequacy, too. But when the words are capable of carrying their own impact, each phrase sparingly advancing the narrative while simultaneously sketching in all you need to know about the characters, he'll half-talk you through the drama in the wonderful New York drawl that is his most effective tool.

LOU REED's last two LPs, *The Blue Mask* and *Legendary Hearts*, are the logical outcome of a decade's great love songs and Lou finding true love.

The happiness of life with Sylvia hasn't softened his focus any. On the contrary, his songs are as searchingly accurate and as close to the edge as they've ever been. Only the location of a Lou Reed song has changed: it has shifted from the street to the home.

The gulf between the two locations had been partially bridged by a sequence of explorations of family turmoil — Lou as Eugene O'Neill, anyone? — begun on *The Bells* in a song called, appropriately enough, *Families*, and continued through most of the lyrically extraordinary, if musically painful *Growing Up In Public*.

The title track of *The Blue Mask*, however, is the most direct link between the gutter and the front room, recounting as it does an otherwise normal couple's terrible curiosity and desire for pain relieved in the most bizarre SM rituals this side of a Saint Sebastian picture.

Mostly, though, *The Blue Mask* contrasts more mundane bliss with a morbid fascination for anything that might disrupt it. Psychotic in its extremes, it veers crazily between loving serenades to Sylvia, womankind and a happy home life, and the possibility of a sudden end to that happiness — as signified by the sadistic intruder of *The Gun*.

His latest record *Legendary Hearts* is more settled into its domesticity; the euphoria described earlier is subdued with the passing of time and, correspondingly, its psychotic opposite is here represented by the more subtle and banal irritations of daily life.

"There's supposed to be this tension," remarks Reed about *Legendary Hearts*, "between. . . now this sounds awfully pretentious when we start talking this way, but anyway, it's about the desire to possess something that may not be possessable. It's also the problem of desire and fantasy against the reality, and what happens when the two meet each other in the alley. Or in the armchair for that matter. Anyway, how much can you pack into a rock and roll record?

"Or, for that matter, how seriously will people take a rock and roll record? Apparently not very seriously at all."

Then it becomes a matter of ambition. Lou Reed has breached the limitations of a rock and roll song and broached more taboos erratically but intermittently, *brilliantly* through four Velvet Underground and 17(!) solo LPs. Suddenly carried away by the breadth and scope of the Lou Reed legacy, I propose that his love songs attest to some redeeming power!

Reed responds more levelheaded: "I have this conceit, and I think I'm entitled to it at this point, to call myself a writer. But personally I think that to try and deal with a theme as enormous as redemption would be pretentious. So I've never thought in those terms.

"Not redemption, not salvation, nothing like that. My characters just squeak by. Ha ha. Bad things happen to them and good things happen to them and some of the good things that do happen to them might have a redeeming quality.

"But, you know, it's such a loaded statement to think in terms of redemption. I think works of art can change the world — certainly they can change your life — a thing of beauty is a joy forever and all that. I think a rock and roll song can be just that, so in *that* sense it can do anything. Maybe we should treasure records of people who do things like that."

Reed songs prod and poke areas most everyone else overlooks or would rather forget.

"It's not such a big idea," Reed modestly intones. "It's just you take the lyric and you push it a little forward so that it speaks to you on a personal level and still keeps the beat, because I'm not talking to you about poetry reading. I'm not talking about having discussions on nuclear disarmament.

"You can even just make it a dialogue between men and women. That could keep you occupied for the rest of your life!"

It certainly could! Some kinds a love, as Marguerita discussed with Tom way back in 1969, well *the possibilities are endless. . .*

(Lyrics quoted by permission of Lou Reed)

(SOME) OLD TERRORISTS

NEVER DIE

The VELVET UNDERGROUND, that prime late 60s musical expression of narcotic New York, is a long-gone, though potent memory. At a time when the rest of rock was gearing up for peace, love and Woodstock, the Velvets were wailing on perversion, addiction, violence and death, and if their recorded visions are still too much for many to handle, it doesn't mean that those aspects of life are any less real today. And while most of the lineup have passed into obscurity, two former Velvet Underground-ers went on to make much more music. Very little of it strayed into the commercial mainstream, and at times JOHN CALE and LOU REED seemed intent on alienating even the most devoted fans; Cales' backing band left the stage in disgust on a celebrated night several years back when he was inspired to decapitate a live chicken, while Reed told everyone where to go with his 1975 double album, *Metal Machine Music*, which was basically four sides of unlistenable white noise and feedback. But some long-term watchers reckon both are not only Important Artists, but that they're currently producing some of their best work. . .

A PASSIONATE requiem for a world falling apart, populated by characters driven to murder and madness by circumstances beyond their meagre, often pitiful control, John Cale's most recent album was *Music For A New Society*. A savage indictment of a whole catalogue of grisly modern terrors, a compassionate plea for the victims of these insane and bloody times, its emotional impact is overwhelming, its rebellious spirit bravely uplifting, its incantations and contemplations finally inspiring.

By no means an easy album to accommodate, its urgent search for the kind of truthful insight that might illuminate our darkest moments reached far beyond the imperatives of the tourist-brochure pop that my colleagues tell me is all the rage. Not surprisingly, its commercial impact was negligible.

Placing an emphasis on dramatic spontaneity, Cale improvised most of the songs in the studio, recording 30 songs in five days, most of them featuring just his voice, supported mostly by just keyboards and guitar.

"What I was most interested in," he explained enigmatically, "was the *terror of the moment.*"

Asked to define the predominant mood of the collisions of character, atmosphere and circumstance that made up the forbidding agonies of *New Society*, Cale seemed wracked in thought, lost for the moment in private reflection.

"*Desolation*, it's very desolate," he said finally, his voice heavy with the weight of the acknowledgement. "The songs, I guess, are mostly about regret. Regret and misplaced faith. . . There's not much in the way of *comedy*."

The permanent nature of violence never changes. Neither, it seems, some of the musical avenues he the world; its almost comical capacity for self-destruction, the jaundiced blood that flows through its veins and circuits. From the heady nocturnal visions of the Velvets, through ten solo albums, Cale's work has been illuminated by an ominous glow, a terrible appreciation of our own capacity to destroy everything we love and cherish. And even by his own standards of unsentimental enquiry, *New Society* plunged further than ever before into those pits of emotion that only the clearest mind can articulate. Surely, it was his bleakest, most extreme work. Warmed occasionally by the startling poignancy of exquisitely and elegantly framed pieces like *Broken Bird* and *Chinese Envoy*, it was often terrorised by the harsh, piercing climates of songs like *Thoughtless Kind*, *Damn Life* and especially the appalling pain of *Sanities* (originally titled *Sanctus*, and misprinted on the LP label by the record company).

"Oh, it's a *bleak one*, alright," Cale smiled. "But it wasn't meant to make people jump out of windows. They wouldn't jump out of windows, anyway: they wouldn't buy the damned album. . . But, no, you're right. . .it's *not* depressing. Bleak, yes, and stark, and fairly relentless, but not *depressing*. I think it's really *strong*. I think it's got a *backbone* to it. It takes risks and it goes out on a limb, but I think it's got *balls*."

It seemed, though, that none of his songs offered any sense of refuge or reassurance.

"*None* of them are reassuring?" he wondered, as if surprised by the totality of doom and the eerie touch of truth that ran with a headlong honestly through his work. "I guess you're right. Regret, I suppose, is the nearest I get to being reassuring. And that's not *too* close. . ."

LIVING in New York, Cale is a resident of one of the world's most violent cities; living in America, Cale is a part of the world's most violent society. He was aware of this; of course.

"It's getting worse," he said. "When there's high unemployment and inflation, crime increases. *Triples*. Like, there was a nine-year-old kid recently who went to school with a gun and killed two of the kids in his class and then blew his brains out. It was in Arizona. . ."

The Hollywood Cowboy mentality that seemed to inform Reagan's general idea of the role of the presidency didn't exactly help, Cale thought; loudly and to great effect.

"There's a joke about Reagan going around Washington," he smiled greedily. "It's about an international conference of transplant surgeons. First, the Russian delegate gets up and says, 'Well, we transplanted these lungs from a donor in Kiev to a patient in Leningrad and within two weeks, he was up and looking for a job.' And the Chinese delegate gets up and says, 'That's nothing. We transplanted a cornea from a donor in Shanghai to a patient in Peking and within *one* week, he was up and looking for a job.' And the American delegate gets up and says, 'Well, we transplated an asshole from Hollywood to Washington and within *two days*, *half the country* was up and looking for a job. . .'

"Kurt Vonnegut laboured the point a long time ago," Cale continued. "It's going to get worse before it gets better. The question is: *how much worse can it get?*"

There were those who would accuse him of an almost unhealthy obsession with violence and moral corruption: did *he* think he was obsessed?

"Yes," he said, with an alarming candour. "I guess so."

His work seemed afflicted by a terrible sense of tragedy: did he agree?

"*Afflicted*," he said, "is the word. I don't know what else to say. I *agree* with you."

Given this focus for his writing, had he ever been confronted personally by physical violence?

"There have been threats," he said gravely. "God knows why, but there are some people from this communist-Trotskyist movement in America and they wanted me to come and play for their Mayday celebrations and they started leaning and *leaning*." His voice paled, then flushed.

"There have been threats on my life," he said firmly. "There's a lot of harassment. I can't give my phone number out anymore. Harassment is is not a crime in New York. So someone phones up the police and tells them there's a guy with a gun at my apartment, so the cops arrive at three in the morning. I'm constantly fighting off that sort of thing. There have been calls threatening my wife. . .," he continued, effectively communicating a sense of nervousness that would have been comical had it not seemed so damned *real*.

The cataclysmic *Leaving It Up To You* came immediately to mind. "You can all feel *safe*," Cale shrieks at one point during the harboured fears of the song, "like SHARON TATE!" It's one of the most chilling evocations in rock'n'roll.

That's a pretty vicious line," he said. "I wouldn't want to do it again. . . You know, there have been times when I've thought, 'God, no. Why this *again?*' Lou's got a similar trait in his writing. Like, *Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams*, that's relentless. He's often said, 'Hey, some of these songs are just *not worthy* of human endeavour, these things are better left alone.' He may be right."

CALE had run into Reed recently, literally bumped into him in the street.

"He didn't look well," Cale said. "I hear he's sort of resigned. Someone told me he was going to do a farewell concert at the Bottom Line. Probably the first of many. He doesn't want to tour anymore. I don't think he ever enjoyed it, anyway. No, we don't really keep in touch. He's turned into a regular homebird, settled down on a nice farm out in Jersey. I don't see him. I don't even listen much to what he does. *Blue Mask*, I thought was pretty good, better than most. At least he wasn't plagiarising himself."

The last time Cale and Reed resumed the devastating double act they first perfected in the Velvet Underground was in 1972. Cale was recording the orchestral *Academy In Peril* in London. Lou was in Paris. They appeared with Nico at the Bataclan; they havent shared a stage since, haven't recorded together since the Velvets' meltdown epic, *White Light/White Heat* nearly *sixteen* years ago. Cale isn't much bothered.

"I dont feel any nostalgia for the Velvet Underground," he said. "I can't even remember most of what went on. It's just a blur. *God*, they were primitive times. Driving around in a Winnebago van, being stopped by the police and being accused of child kidnapping because the girls we had with us were too young and they didn't have notes from their parents. God, they *were* primitive times. We were right in the middle of Ohio, taking speed, driving all the way back from Cleveland to New York, overnight. Madness."

He was strangely unsure whether the retrospective status of the Underground's first two influential albums was entirely justified.

"They sound awful to me, in some respects," he said. "They're really badly recorded. The first album, the whole thing was done in a day, at Cameo Parkway studios. I remember they were tearing the walls down, ripping up the floorboards, the place was a shambles. They charged us 1500 dollars and threw in an engineer. We thought it was very reasonable of them.

"*White Light/White Heat* was all energy, the result of our experiences as a road band. Being on the road, we soon realised that people were there to dance, so we started playing rock'n'roll. We'd actually worked very hard on the arrangements for the first album, we used to meet once a week for about a year, just working on arrangements. When we went in to do *White Light White Heat*, no one had any patience any more to work on arrangements, and it shows. We just went into the studio, turned up the amps as high as we could and blasted away. Everyone's nerves were frazzled by then, we were *rabid*. That's when I decided to go."

NEARLY TWO decades after he and Lou Reed reorganised the existing notions of what might be done with the vocabulary of rock'n'roll, Cale continues to plot and scheme against everything that's dull and conservative and ordinary; continues to reach out toward the lights. Later this year, he hopes to begin work on the recording of a Dylan Thomas song-cycle that he's arranged for piano, voice and orchestra; he hopes to haul in a choir, maybe even record it in a cathedral, perhaps in Vienna. He's just completed the score for a new movie based on the Kurt Vonnegut short story *Who Am I This Time?*, which has been directed by his friend Jonathan Demmes (*Caged Heat, Melvin And Howard*) and starring Christopher Walken (from the *Deer Hunter*) and Susan Sarandon, (who co-stars with David Bowie in *The Hunger*).

A new album is almost completed; seven tracks were finished the last week he was in New York. It's lighter than *Music For A New Society*, he said; closer to the tough pop textures of *Slow Dazzle*. Songs already recorded for it includes *Magazines*, *The Hymn*, *Where There's A Will There's A Way*, *Model Beirut Recital*, *Kiddy In The Congo and Praetorian Underground*.

For the moment, though, he's immersed in his solo tour; after the Venue last week, he was off to Europe. Beyond that, he had no specific commitments, though there were plans to return to Britain; perhaps for another solo show, perhaps with his band later this summer when the new LP is released. His life had never been set to any particular schedule.

"I just like trouble coming every day," he said.

JOHN CALE

— Looking For Trouble Every Day

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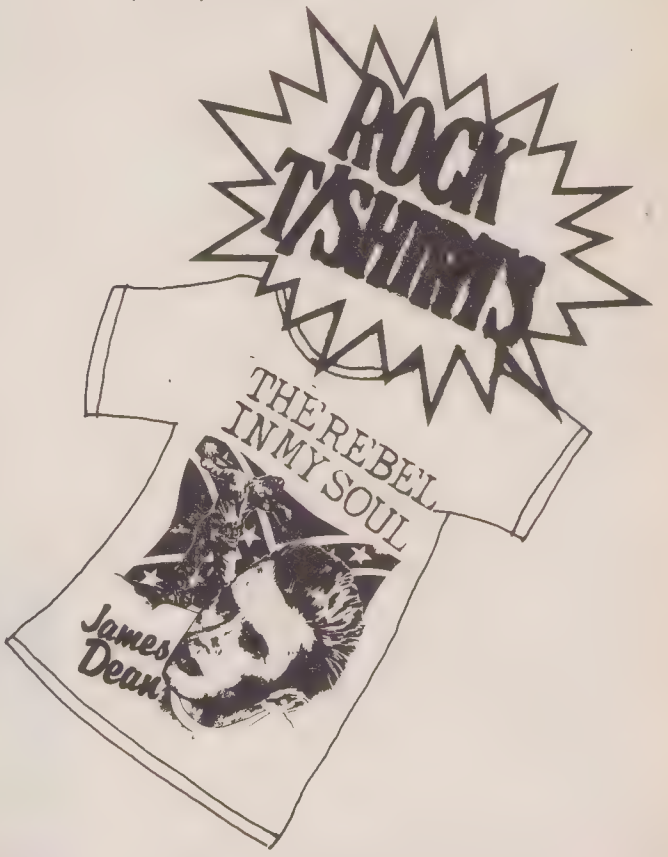


MASSACRE AT THE gun club

Jeffrey Lee Pierce

The GUN CLUB are the sort of band that remind you that the Birthday Party thang is no isolated outbreak. Even in America they've got derangement — so naturally they take it to London, which is where HELEN FITZGERALD met chief psycho JEFFREY LEE PIERCE.

HE USED to be an active union man — he'd defend all the down-trodden Mexican factory workers in LA. . . hell, they couldn't even speak any English. One time there was a big strike that he was responsible for and things got *really* heavy, man: he was shot at and threatened, warned to leave town.

"So something snapped, I guess, and he took off to live in a trailer in the middle of the Arizona desert. He won't talk to anyone now, not my mother or family. I'm the only one he'll speak to — we get on okay. He lives in the nuts with no [illegible]

that way. He's just turned his back completely on all the shit-stirring double dealers in the world. Sometimes I really envy him, y'know?"

Jeffrey Lee Pierce shakes his dishevelled peroxide locks in digust as he recounts the miseries of the last year — a year that's seen him fire the whole Gun Club lineup.

"I'd gotten so pissed off with them, they couldn't *stretch* y'know? Sure, they could play the songs I'd *written*, but they'd no imagination, couldn't improvise, couldn't do fuck."

Also for the chop were his agent, manager, and most of his friends.

"New York City just poisoned my blood. I hate that place so much, it made me suspicious of everyone around me, of their [illegible] ew

exorcism of pure Gun Club vitriol, it was a twisted spew of crashing Southern guitar chords and demented cajun wails at a rabidly distorted punk pace — *For The Love Of Ivy* and *Fire Spirit* were sinister and serious voodoo magic at its most believable. But with every rave review Jeffrey felt the manacles squeezing tighter round his ankles, and quickly leapt into *Miami,* the second LP.

Cooler in temperament, more calculated in thrust, *Miami*, produced by Chris Stein, saw the band fighting, but *feinting* more, holding back on the kill like bloodsick foxhounds taking it close to, but never over the edge.

"They were scared to take it to the limit," Jeffrey snorts down his squat and bulbous nose, an appendage that's almost smothered by the vast and bulging yellow cratered wastelands of his cheeks. Jeffrey Lee Pierce is no Adonis.

"So I told them to fuck off, they really pissed me off, whingeing at me all the time. Me and Jim (Duckworth — ex-Panther Burns) are both Southern-born and were brought up on the 'round like a dead man's shadow. The first same pure-vein country and blues music, and our taste runs in parallels, so I asked him to play guitar in the new band. It's like — we both need room for improvisation, we're both into freestyle gutsy jazz — I don't have to tell him what to do y'know?"

Dee Pop of The Bush Tetras and Patricia Morrison from the Bags both met Jeffrey's approval, and the new Gun Club was unveiled.

Unveiled. . .I mean *unleashed.* The new songs, previewed on *Death Party*, a five-track 12-inch, twist and writhe in an insidious belly-wrenching cocktail of corrosive vengeance, rediscovering Jeffrey's penchant for witheringly crude and sadistic vitriol.

"I was feeling very restrained after *Miami*, but having to do 'songs'," he explains, "I wanted to do something that had less to do with 'songs' and more to do with being crazy — like, *Death Party* only took about five seconds to write. The A-side is a real shit, but if people bother to listen through to *Death Party* and *Come Back Jim* they'll get an idea of what I'm doing.

"*Death Party* is our disco dance song! It's about people partying and tearing off each other's flesh — murdering each other and stuff like that. We never wanted to stop playing on it — it could have gone on and on. Most people hate it, but that's fine by me. I love to cleave off fake fans in mass numbers. I feel them like a millstone 'round my neck. I guess they [illegible] ope with all the Dylan ideas, the [illegible] all that. Fuck them!

guitar, but now it's more like city music. I mean we're playing around y'know? We do a gross and monstrous version of *My Man's Gone* from *Porgy And Bess*, and it's like a great big *death* chant, really doomy. We wanted to make it even worse than it already was!"

His laugh crinkles up the folds of porous flesh around his eyes and rows of regimental white teeth wink at the camera.

"I'm not writing death songs any more. I'm more interested in people using and abusing other people, I guess morbidity gets boring after a while.

"Happy?" he explodes, "I'm not *happy*, I'm just kinda floating around. I'm not content, not proud, I'm just burnt out. My songs have no meaning to me, they're just impressions with no message — hell, they're getting to a point where you can't even tell what the *subject* is. I think I'd like to be anonymous for a while. Take off and work on a cruise ship or something like that. I might do it. I'm getting more and more uncomfortable with people, especially other artists.

"I feel like there's a pointless ritual, an intellectual routine. Once in a while you meet a regular guy llike Lou Reed (!) or Debbie (Jeffrey's infatuation for Blondie is well catalogued), but most of them are shits."

So why go through the machinations if you hate everything so avidly?

"It's just like — I do it as a job. I don't care if people like it, I'm just doing it for the *blast.* Like in a couple of years the band will probably be wearing wornout suits and standing with their backs to the audience like dingy be-bop musicians. . . I have these fantasies.

"I mean, sometimes I get a real pleasure out of things — like when me and Kid (Congo, ex-GC, now a Cramp) recorded *Flight Of The Bumblebee* in his living room — him picking his guitar real fast and crazy and me banging the door, the TV, the floor, everything. Boy, that was one of our *finest* moments!

"In LA, everyone's in about four bands at once. The singer from 45 Groove also sings with the Castration Squad and they do a real crazy version of *Wild Thing*, as *Bat Thing*(!), even sleazier and more disgusting than the real thing, with Shannon strutting around with stringy hair, whorish make-up and fishnet stockings. I mean, *this* is what life's all about.

"Maybe the Gun Club should do a few Rodgers and Hammerstein numbers," he giggles deeply, the sound coming from way down inside his thick bull neck.

What will the 'Club be doing for the next few months?

"Heck, I don't know," he shrugs with the beefy but disproportionate shoulders of a US football pro. "We've been mixing a cassette of very old Gun Club songs, pre-*Fire Of Love*, and having fun with that. The cassette should be released in the summer, and I promise it's worth waiting for! I haven't seen my lawyer for months, so I guess I'll have to a spend a few weeks getting things straightened out. Maybe then I'll float down to Mexico for a while.

"I go down to one of the really exotic resort towns when I get pissed off, and sit on the terrace mixing Mimosas and listening to some old Coltrane records, or Gato Barbieri; I love lots of South American jazz and African percussion, and Brazilian rhythm sends me wild.

"I don't much want to be a rock legend y'know," he states quite humbly. "The ones I've met are mostly dumb. I want to make records for a *long* time, and then pack it all in like my father and go and live as a happy hermit somewheres."

He lifts a podgy wrist off the table to signify *he's* had enough of me, of London, of people. He leaves me with a parting shot as he wends his way into the crowd: "Hey, you come out to LA sometime and I'll show you some *real* living, some good people."

Sure Jeffrey, someday, *maybe!*

[illegible]

After Lunch. . . The World!

Just before MEN AT WORK leave Australia for seven months, GREG TAYLOR grabs a quick bite with COLIN HAY

(Pic: Ian Greene)

" 'Indescribably loathesome. . . horrid, turgid little band. . . come and hear your favourite band ripped off. . . come and see the worst band in the world. . . not even worth seeing for free. . .!'

"Then under that, 'Sorry: you'll have to pay — Men At Work'." — Colin Hay fantasising a full page ad of English critics' quotes in *New Musical Express*.

"When we went to England I got really depressed. I slept for three days, I hardly went outside. 'Cos it was all very predictable what was going to happen. We were going to do a gig, the English press were going to hate us, and it wasn't going to matter because we were going to be successful anyway."

In the event, the English music press — which is routinely touted as by far the most influential in the world — said things like:

"Even more sickening was the fact that the singer sounds exactly like Sting. . . There are definite tendencies towards MOR here, not a particularly unpleasant sound; just boring. . . The audience was bowled over, I was merely stumped."

— Caroline Harper in *Melody Maker*

And *Business As Usual* and Men At Work went on to do the same huge business as in Australia and America. Currently it's estimated to have done about 10 million units world wide . . .

and it's still in the American Top 10, along with *Cargo*.

Were you surprised at the success of Men At Work? If you were part of the Melbourne pub audience that supplemented their dole during 1979-80, did you ever think that this quirky quintet were going to have a No. 1 Australian single with a (then) long, awkwardly arranged tune called *Who Can It Be Now?* Did those of you who caught the band during occasional tours pick them as the group that would throw out a debut album that would race to No. 1 and then sit in the top half of the charts for 90 weeks? And even after all the cover stories and *Countdown* Award plaudits, were you confidently predicting that this would be the first act in a million years (or since the Beatles, whichever comes first) to have No. 1 singles *and* albums simultaneously in the American and UK charts?

If you check 'YES' to the last three questions, you are either God or former CBS rep. Michael Ware, who went to extreme and eccentric lengths to persuade his record company to take a look at Men At Work. The rest of us must admit to a series of surprises, and if the final coup in the UK left you somewhat blase — either 'Why not? They're as good as anything else there', or 'Why not? Nothing succeeds like success, especially when one of the world's most active rock record companies gives it their best shot?' — the fact remains that Men At Work have hit the jackpot that the rock/pop industry revolves around, and the bells are still ringing and the money is still pouring out into the tray and across the floor.

Stuff statistics! I'm somehow late for lunch with Colin Hay, and as I pedal across Sydney Harbour Bridge, all I'm anticipating is eating my words. . . "Men At Work, the No. 1 band in the world, should never have accepted (demanded?) the billing after the Angels, and enough said about THAT monumentally disappointing performance. . ."

— Yours Truly reporting from Narara '83

'Cos the night before I've rolled up at Men At Work's first show at the Capitol, dreading something like the Narara experience, and been turned around. Not exactly 'This Is The Future Of Rock And Roll' conversion, but certainly singing, playing, staging and, above all, *sound* that befitted a world class act. Nothing out of tune, no beats missed, a perfectly paced set that neither pandered to the audience nor patronised them. An elaborate and effective stage setup — big, high drum riser, ceiling-high fibreglass palm trees that jack-knifed to join the tableau of stylised clouds floating from the flys, unbleached cotton curtains framing the back of the set that would slither back to reveal an anodised aluminium framework suggestive of spaced-out venetian blinds. . . "Here we are in the Capitol again," babbled Greg Ham cheerfully — what with the *Countdown* Awards two days before, he'd have spent most of the week in the dear old dingy palace — "I do think we've got quite a good light show, but. . ." Indeed. There were enough lamps on the triangular rack to keep a small country town unusually illuminated, and three follow-spots on a scaffold at the edge of the stage diamond complemented the usual quota back on the dress circle to pinpoint the action from every angle. Happily, all this bulbware was carefully positioned, carefully used: nothing garish, everything effective.

And the sound. . . I can't remember a more dynamic stereo mix. Jerry Speiser's drums were the stand-out component: a salutary reminder that a live kit can still (and hopefully always) kill synthesised percussion (providing every drum is meticulously tuned, perfectly miked and the guy who's hitting them is hot shit). But *everything* going through that board got good treatment. Greg Ham's keyboard work is still a tad elemental, but the mix-master managed to meld it to the whole picture; his sax and flute were balanced in both open and closed fingerings and yet still retained true timbre. John Rees' bass was that full, fat thang that so often either buries the bottom end or is strangled at the source; Colin's vocals got enhanced by split-second accuracy on the echo fader, and Ron Strykert's guitar took over at several points even when comping through the bold use of the stereo panning. I could have written the whole show up for *Sonics* magazine. . .

"I'm glad you liked it," says Colin, munching on some denizen of the deep. (Like our first encounter, almost exactly two years ago, we're chewing and chatting in a seafood restaurant on the water's edge. Over his shoulder, the Bridge looms above an English film crew who are more or less patiently waiting for Colin to finish this interview and join them on the jetty for a quick segment to entertain UK viewers over their breakfast kippers.) "We've put an awful amount of effort into it."

Three weeks of concentrated rehearsal to be precise, plus several months of planning with Melbourne producer and stage designer Nigel Triffid. "Nigel's written and staged his own productions — like *Mama's Little Horror Show* — all over the world. He's worked in theatre for years: we'd seen some of his work and just approached him when we came back before Christmas. . ."

This whole stage-and-lights set is going with the Men on their massive, seven-month world tour — there'll be strange flat boxes marked 'MEN AT WORK/CLOUDS/FRAGILE/THIS SIDE UP'.

"Last time we did it on a bit of a shoestring. It was an economical show to say the least — and we still lost a hundred grand. Nobody *pays* you to do a tour of America. . .

"The Australian club thing is fine for up to a thousand, fifteen hundred people; but when you get like thirteen thousand, you've got to give them more just in terms of basically being able to *see* you."

Maybe all the extra illumination will make the Men more *recognisable*. Out on the street at least, they don't really look like pop stars, "especially when you have someone like Ronno (Strykert) trudging into a restaurant or the hotel lobby in his thongs and army pants. . . I wasn't really prepared for people hanging round the hotel, waiting for autographs or just to see the band — and then they'd see Jerry or John walking out of the hotel with their laundry and they wouldn't be quite sure. They'd follow them for a little way, then come back.

"Quite often we'd have a limo waiting and we'd come out of somewhere and walk up to the driver and say 'Are you waiting for the band, for Men At Work?', and he'd say something like 'Yeah, yeah dere a big group — you wait around, maybe you get to see them', so we'd have to say 'Well, actually, we're the guys you're waiting for. . .' 'Fuck man, sorry man; didn't recognise you, there you go, allraaaght!'

"Then of course there was this black guy who walked past me and goes 'Hey buddy! I seen all your movies!' But the best of all was this one who came along and caught my eye and said 'Uh. . . hey man! I know you *anywhere*!' I said 'Well. . . who am I?', and he went 'Dunno where I am!' "

Hay relates these classics with relish and a convincing black caricature voice. His conversation is studded with acted-out dialogue: everyone's recounted speech or thoughts get inverted commas. I think he's a crackup, though he insists that Greg Ham "is the funniest man in the world on tour. . . He's also the shabbiest. Greg Ham gets extremely mentally and physically shabby on tour: the grot sets in.

"Nathan Brenner, our 'other' manager, gets pretty shabby on tour too. . ." Naturally he's talking of aberrant behaviour rather than appearance. . . Nathan Brenner is of course the manager of Split Enz — Russell Deppler is Men's man — but he's acted as a 'technical consultant' to the band in their overseas business. Next issue we'll have Mr. Brenner on Life, The Universe and How Australians Approach The American Record Business, and a fine and provocative tale it is too. . .

Meanwhile Colin is tossing off more incidents and impressions of the road. Touring with Mental As Anything (Reg and Greedy innocently terrorising a bevy of Playgirl Bunnies who came to an apres-gig party), Greg Ham attempting to demonstrate to an Italian disco full of German businessmen "that there was no question in the world that he could out-dance any of them. . ."

"I've got this song called *The Night The Lights Went Out At the Sunset Marquee*. One night the power went for quite a few hours, so it was candle light, right? You had bands like Stray Cats, Joe Jackson, Talking Heads, Men At Work all staying there. If you wanted a light, you went to the reception desk and got given a candle. . . so you had all these bands coming in from their gigs. . . the funniest one was Rick James, coming home with sort of glitter falling off him, and the manager saying *(black voice again)* 'Hey, if you guys gonna have a party, have it out the back of the hotel, 'cos I don't want that Rick James band finding out. . . They *love* parties! They do all sorts of things to the pool.'

"That was where you'd hear the joke 'Don't go in the pool — you'll get herpes!'

"Everyone was sitting around with candles, and I was just sitting in my room listening to it all, 'cos no one knew who MAW were at that stage, and they still thought we delivered the lunches. . . so everyone is sitting around getting on, y'know" *(earnest American accent)* "like fuckin' talking and all that and actually *communicating*, 'cos like y'know, there's no lights and no TV and no music, so everyone's just sittin' by the pool. . .

"And the last straw to me was when some guy with a guitar — acoustic, they couldn't plug it in to anything — started playing The Girl From Ipanema, and at that stage I thought 'Y'know, nothing's really changed. . .' This is obviously the first jazz tune he'd ever learnt, and it's the only thing he can play on an acoustic guitar to impress this blonde piece that was sitting next to him."

"I SHOULDN'T tell you most of these 'cos *I* want to write them down."

Colin wants to come out of the next round of touring with more than flight stickers and an increased bank balance. "I've decided to try and write 'The America Show': something that can be seen or staged in some way — 'cos it's really, really funny.

"You need a commitment to write them down every day; I tried to do it last time, but I just forgot about it after a while. . .

"One of the best things that happened in America was when we flew into New York by helicopter. . . We'd finished a gig in Poughkeepsie to 4,000 screaming fans — and I mean *screaming* fans — and Greg said to the pilot 'Hey listen, buddy; throw a U-ee at the Statue of Liberty will ya?' So we did and went around it a couple of times, and I thought 'yeah, this is alright; this is pretty remarkable'.

"We parked by the Hudson river, into a limo, straight to Studio 54 to do a live interview to 40 million people across America by television. Greg Ham could hardly talk, and I said 'Don't worry, mate; I'll answer the questions', and he goes 'Yeah: you just answer the questions and I'll just 'Fuck!' now and again. . .' "

The only way to deal sensibly with American TV. . . Sounds like a hectic life and you're about to do it all over the world again for most of this year. . .

"You never really have time to do the things you've always done. But on the other hand it's wonderful: to see the world and play to full houses everywhere you go. It's a once in a lifetime situation.

"If we do this tour properly we won't ever have to do anything like that again. Not *that* long."

Securing the beachhead. If Men At Work can beat the one-hit-wonder syndrome, make *Cargo* as massively successful as *Business As Usual*, then radio programmers will automatically put them on high rotation for years. Seeing as it's already No. 1 in Oz and Top 10 in both the UK and America, I'd be thinking about a long, lounging vacation — but of course there's still Japan, Europe and the Falklands to be dealt to.

"We're going to take a lot of time off after November," promises Colin, "and *think* about it all. It's important for us."

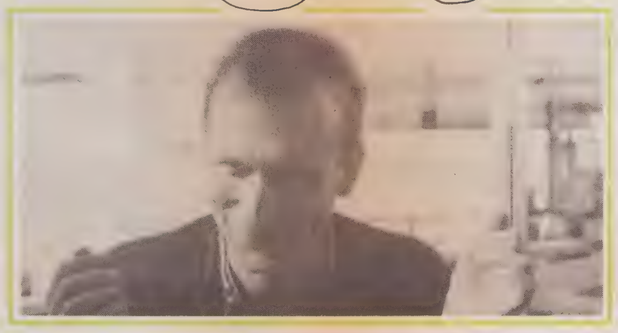
He puts no upper limit on the break "at least four months" — but obviously 'time off' always involves preparing the next album.

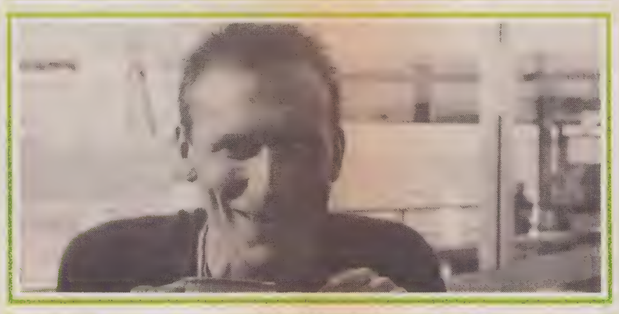
"I'd like to start again next year — not play any of the songs we've done before. Whether we do or not is another thing, but I'd like to change the whole flavour of it."

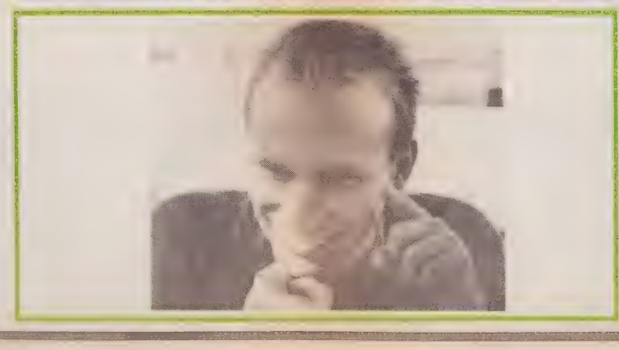
Vegemite. . . And Beyond! Actually, Men At Work have a distinctive substance which goes way beyond 'flavour'. To me, *Cargo* is very much in the vein of *Business As Usual*: after the revelation of that Capitol concert, I don't think it is a fair indication of what the band will be — it is, after all, nearly nine months since it was written and recorded. Some performers win the pop jackpot, win the whole world, and you know that bar a miracle or major drug therapy, nothing will change or extend their brains, their lives. It may be because they haven't the wit or imagination to observe new and interesting things about the world, or it may be because they've slogged away so long in the music business cage that they can't see when the bars are gone. Men At Work escape both these limits. So far they aren't *my* Future Of Rock And Roll, but neither, strange as it may seem, are they compromised by being the most successful group around.

"What we have to offer. . .it's by no means earth shatteringly *new*, and we're not sort of doing anything really that hasn't been heard before in some form. But it is *us* all the same."

Roll on the America Show!







Colin, Jerry Speiser, Ron Strykert (Pic: Mark Green)

ROYALTIES, COPYRIGHTS

PHIL STAFFORD tried Law at uni, and didn't make it past first year – he's mighty glad, if the intricacies of copyright law are any guide of the tortures that lay in store. But for songwriters, it's a simple matter of writing the song and registering it with a performing rights organisation, then sitting back while the royalties flood in. . . as long as it's your own song, of course.

PURPLE HAZE ALL THROUGH MY MIND...!!!
HEY!!! I WROTE THAT! IT'S MY SONG!! AT LAST!
I THINK I WROTE THAT.... CAN'T REMEMBER... MAYBE I JUST... BLATHER.. YEAH I DID WRITE IT... WHERE AM I.. WHAT YEAR IS THIS ANYWAY..

WELL, HOW would you feel? You're a struggling suburban antique dealer who dabbles in a spot of songwriting on the side, hoping one of your beloved bathroom ditties will one day tickle the ears of a nation. . . While shaving one morning in 1975, you come up with a killer of a melody and rush (still lathered) to your tiny bedroom studio and get that germ of an idea down on tape. Filling in the missing dots, you record a demo version of the now-completed song, take out a six-dollar copyright and send off fourteen copies to record companies across the country, and wait. . .

Eleven copies of the demo are returned, and your hopes escalate as to the fate of the remaining three, then slowly subside as three years pass. . . You're raking the yard one afternoon in 1978, and a familiar tune wafts across the neighbours' fence —

"That's *my* song!" you scream dementedly as you vault the fence, burst into next-door's living room and demand to know who's that pilfering fiend blithely rotating on the turntable, singing *your song*.

Well, it's not *exactly* your song, but it sounds hellish close. And when it goes on to sell a million-plus as a single, and then appears on an LP which racks up *25 million* worldwide, you feel you've copped the stiff end of the cheddar. So you sue, and win. . .

You're Ronald Selle, and you've just taken on the combined might of PolyGram Records, Paramount Pictures and the Bee Gees, and lived to reap the spoils — which could be as much as $25 million in a damages settlement for breach of copyright. Though hardly a precedent (remember *He's So Fine*, he's *My Sweet Lord?*), the case is bound to spur a rash of litigation in its wake — but the sad fact remains that the backyard composer is still very much the underdog barking in the face of greater power. Here's how Ronald Selle turned the tables.

The core of the issue was whether the Bee Gees had in fact 'stolen' a portion of the melody line from Selle's shaving opus, *Let It End*, and utilised it in the composition of their *Saturday Night Fever* soundtrack hit *How Deep Is Your Love*. Selle's key witness was a universi[illegible] have been written independently of one another". Lawyers for the defence had intended to call a pair of experts to counter his opinion, but during a routine discussion with the presiding District Court Judge, their plans for extensive cross-examination were stalled when he advised them: "If I were hearing this case without a jury, I could make all the findings of fact and reach all the conclusions of the law on the evidence already heard."

Misinterpreting the judge's comments as alluding to a likely dismissal of the case *before* it reached a jury, the defence counsel rested its case without calling its expert witnesses. Based on a question of fact, the matter proceeded before a jury nonetheless -- and they found in favour of Selle, simply because there was no evidence to dispute that of *his* key witness.

A significant victory for the common man -- albeit by default of his opponents. But what of the plagiarism that went unchecked for most of this century, before licensing corporations were formed to protect the interests of songwriters? It's one thing to have a song *idea* lifted, but what of entire compositions?

TO THIS day, it is impossible to copyright a particular recording of a song -- one can only copyright the underlying sheet music. So while a music publisher receives a royalty payment for the use of his publication, and a composer is entitled to a royalty payment for the performance of his composition, no royalty is derived from the actual recording. The author of the song is paid only for the sale of his own records, so when that record is covered by another artist, the author suffers: and during the rock'n'roll heyday of the fifties, that author was likely to be black.

In the years leading up to the white rock'n'roll explosion in 1955, the major record companies had been feeling ill at ease as the independent companies flourished amid the new music garden. They (the independents) appeared to have a ear for divining changing tastes, and in what was essentially a battle between the white-run big businesses of the majors and the white-run small labels, the black musicians lost out. Big Mama Thornton recorded *Hound Dog* three years before Elvis Presley, and according to her, the song sold over two million copies. But in the way of royalties, all she received was one cheque for $500. Presley also went on to record Arthur 'Big Boy' Crudup's *That's All Right*, and although the song was a massive hit for the white boy from Memphis, Crudup reportedly received nothing more than an appreciative plaque from Presley and his manager.

For the express purpose of increasing their royalties from live performances, record sales and sheet music turnover in the white market, the smaller record companies who had consigned their own publishing and copyrights often took black r'n'b songs to the majors for possible covering. This practice often kept the original black version out of the market and so denied the original writer/singer the royalties due if the record company/publisher had tendered the original as a potential crossover hit.

There were other avenues of abuse. Theoretically, royalty payments on a given piece of music are split evenly between writer and publisher -- but under the terms of the US copyright act, a writer was often employed under a contract anomaly that permitted the employer to not only name himself as copyright proprietor, but also as composer. In many instances, the name that appeared on the record label under the guise of composer was *not* the name registered with either of the established publishing rights organisations -- American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ASCAP) or Broadcast Music Inc. (BMI) collected the royalty payments for

Night, and recorded it with his own group, the Five Satins. Having sold a conservative estimate of 10 million copies, the song should have been worth $100,000 to Parris for mechanical royalties *alone* (one cent per record sold), not to mention performance royalties of 2½ cents for every radio play. And if Parris had also owned the publishing rights, his record would have generated more than twice that income. Here's what happened to Fred. . .

FRED PARRIS became a BMI-affiliated writer rather belatedly, in fact well after radio airplay of *In The Still Of The Night* had peaked. Although his name was on the label as rightful composer, someone else's was registered at BMI as the writer of the tune. Parris went to BMI with his grievance and in a show of sympathy, they placated him by promising retrospective payments from an arbitrary ate. Trouble was, that date fell well after the bulk of sales for *In The Still Of The Night*, so Parris wound up with a paltry $783.

It was the best offer BMI could make under the circumstances -- unless Parris had ensured his name was the one on their books, he was destined to be on the outer. What he perhaps didn't realise was that if it were not for the formation of BMI, the so-called 'rock'n'roll revolution' that spawned such hits as *In The Still Of The Night* may have been stunted from the outset.

At the time of BMI's formation in 1939, the big three major record companies (Decca, Victor and Columbia) had a stranglehold on the market. But there was one temporary barrier — ASCAP, the association of Broadway/Hollywood publishers. ASCAP licensed most material played on network radio till 1940, when in a move to marshall higher kickbacks, it boycotted the broadcasters -- who retaliated by establishing their own licensing agency, BMI. The broadcasters then began playing the old (non-copyright) standards as well as the music ASCAP shunned (black music, country & western -- anything out of the mainstream). As BMI had beaten the boycott, ASCAP had a stake in preventing BMI artists from airplay. They failed in a series of legal suits against BMI, and succeeded only in creating publicity for the emerging music genres. This led the 'majors' to begin exploiting the market by way of covering black r'n'b songs with diluted versions by white artists, such as Pat Boone.

In stimulating competition within the music licensing arena, BMI opened its doors to all creators of music, including those who had previously been denied an opportunity to share in performing rights income. It adopted a method of compensating writers and publishers not only for radio airplay, but also for public performance of their material.

The organisation has grown to the extent where in 1983, some 24,482 publishers have music licensed through BMI. Some 1,000 new affiliates are added each year, and as of January 3 1983, 42,368 writers were affiliated with BMI, and their numbers grow annually at an average rate of 2,500.

BMI's income has grown commensurately -- more than 8,000 radio stations, television broadcasters and over 27,000 general licensees will pay out close to $100 million this year. BMI will pay out the bulk -- 80 to 85 per cent -- to the composers and copyright owners it licenses. It does not pay dividends and it is not a profit-making organisation. All income is distributed except operating expenses and a small general reserve. BMI makes regular quarterly payments to copyright owners, determined from logged reports of some 500,000 hours of airtime submitted annually by US radio and TV networks

The music used and logged represents the broadest possible spectrum -- it is a catalogue of c[illegible]s from 40 countries [illegible]und the w[illegible] with whom BMI has [illegible]s. The BMI [illegible]tly numbers over

(& WRONGS)

1,150,000 works, including those by Australian artists such as Men At Work, INXS, Air Supply and Rick Springfield.

BMI and its affiliated organisations monitor just about every known outlet for copyright music: radio, TV, colleges, Unis and educational institutions, hotels & motels, restaurants, nightclubs, cocktail lounges, taverns, discos, ballrooms, skating rinks, muzak, airlines, theme parks, symphony orchestras, concert halls, sports arenas, trade shows and travelling attractions (circus/rodeo etc).

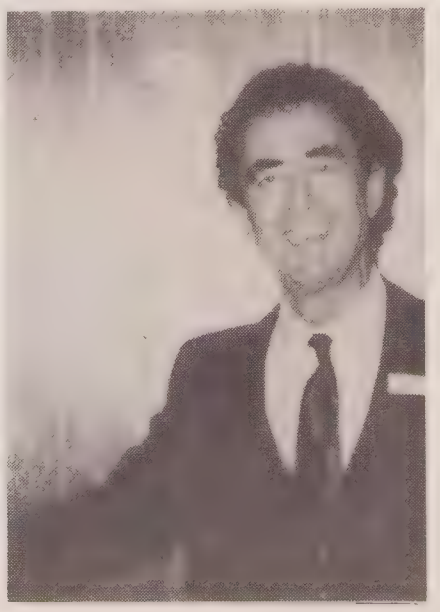
THE Californian vice-president of BMI, Ronald Anton visited Australia earlier this month for talks with BMI's local affiliate, APRA (Australian Performing Rights Association). Timely in the light of latter-day success of Australian artists such as Men At Work, Air Supply LRB et al, one significant upshot of Anton's discussions with APRA is the news that royalty payments for Australian (and other) outside affiliated composers are to be expedited.

"When a song becomes successful (that is, Top 50) in the States, we'll take it out of our regular outgoing distribution system and place it within our domestic system," Anton outlined. "So, artists will be treated exactly the same even if not directly signed to BMI.

"Accounts will be calculated quarterly instead of twice a year. So payments will flow a year faster, and up to two years faster for affiliate organisations," Anton continued. "APRA will undertake special expedited distribution of monies on receipt from BMI as well."

Must add extra weight to the already gigantic windfall due Colin Hay and Greg Ham, as the principal songwriters for Men At Work -- good to know you're gonna get rich even quicker than you thought. . .

Although Anton would obviously prefer writers to sign directly with BMI, he stressed there was no disadvantage for Australian composers remaining on APRA's books, even if resident in America for any length of time. The emphasis is purely upon affiliation in some definite form.



RONALD ANTON

As he points out, "It's too lucrative a market place to be left to a matter of indifference; particularly if there's chart action happening for a particular song. Our job is to get as much money as possible from the people who use music, from the places that performers use and where their compositions are played, and then to distribute that money as fairly as possible."

The distribution of music wealth has not always been so equitable -- as long as a century ago, it had been undermined by a series of payola scandals. In the 1880s, Gilbert and Sullivan profferred monetary inducements to get their hits played, and in the pre-fifties era of publisher domination, bandleaders or singers were often the focus of payola schemes. They were bribed to favour certain compositions in their public appearances and in recording, in an obvious scam to boost sheet music sales. As radio began to emerge as a potent power in music merchandising, it too became subject to payola carried on by many ASCAP publishers, whose interests lay specifically in sheet music sales. And at the centre of a concerted payola investigation was the long-standing bitter rivalry between ASCAP and BMI.

"ASCAP are still relatively restrictive," says Ron Anton. "It's still very hard to join for new writers, even if they're having success. Their policy is based upon their own narrow view. They used to exclude country and r'n'b artists until they became popular, and would often defer royalty payments.

"ASCAP instituted several court actions against BMI in the fifties and sixties; they believed the so-called 'rock revolution' was the result of collusion between BMI and the broadcasters. The rivalry dragged on and eventually petered out for lack of substance. I mean, the broadcasters could care less -- they make their money from advertising, and would play anything to increase their listening audience and attract advertisers."

ASCAP did its best to discredit BMI, but to no avail. In 1953, they filed a $150 million law suit against BMI citing antitrust law and accusing BMI of conspiring "to dominate and control the market for use and exploitation of musical composition". Of course, the broadcasters had no material interest in favouring BMI music over ASCAP's, as Anton pointed out. And although the radio stations owned stock in BMI, to this day the company has never paid a dividend.

ASCAP persisted in its anti-BMI stance, and introduced a bill into American Congress in 1958 to restrain broadcasters from owning stock in BMI. Finally came the payola investigations of late 1959-60, which began as a probe into TV and then moved into radio. These investigations were simply a culmination of the long-running argument and legal controversy between ASCAP and BMI. The music industry has since moved squarely from the publisher domination that favoured ASCAP writers to record and radio domination that uses a looser structure, like BMI's.

"Throughout the history of these investigations, it was found that BMI had done no wrong in essence," says Ron Anton. "We simply agreed not to engage in certain practices, like offering guarantees to ASCAP writers to come across to BMI.

"These days, the only inducement is service; we try to convince writers and publishers that we can be trusted, that we're the best from the standpoint of serving writers and publishers -- in monitoring payments, logging and counting performances etc."

In these times were royalties duly earnt are assured of payment if a composition is registered with a performing rights organisation, there are but two things to ensure -- that *your* name (as composer) is on the books, and that the composition registered is *your own*. And if you must steal someone else's song, be subtle, don't be gee. . .

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT — for background information, *Rock'n'Roll Is Here To Pay*, by Steve Chapple and Reebee Garofalo, Nelson-Hall paperbacks. (*Copyright 1977*)

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True

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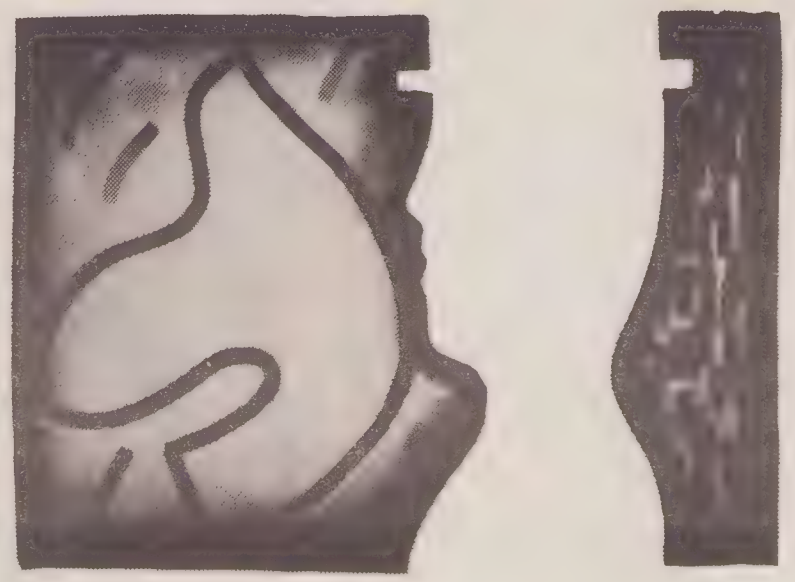

Spandau Ballet

'True' FEATURES 'Communication'

37979

K 9021

Chrysalis

CHARTZ

UK45S

1	1	**TRUE**	Spandau Ballet
2	5	**FASCINATION**	Human League
3	7	**TEMPTATION**	Heaven 17
4	12	•**PALE SHELTER**	Tears For Fears
5	3	**WORDS**	F.R. David
6	13	•**DANCING TIGHT**	Galaxy
7	6	**WE ARE DETECTIVE**	Thompson Twins
8	16	•**OUR LIPS ARE SEALED**	Fun Boy Three
9	4	**BEAT IT**	Michael Jackson
10	11	**BLUE MONDAY**	New Order
11	8	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie
12	5	**CHURCH OF THE POISON MIND**	Culture Club
13	—	•**BLIND VISION**	Blancmange
14	19	**FRIDAY NIGHT**	Kids From Fame
15	—	•**CANDY GIRL**	New Edition
16	21	•**MISS THE GIRL**	Creatures
17	22	**LAST FILM**	Kissing The Pink
18	9	**LOVE IS A STRANGER**	Eurythmics
19	10	**TRUE LOVE WAYS**	Cliff Richard & LPO
20	29	•**CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU**	The Beat
21	15	**ROSANNA**	Toto
22	14	**FLIGHT OF ICARUS**	Iron Maiden
23	30	•**NOT NOW JOHN**	Pink Floyd
24	24	**OVERKILL**	Men At Work
25	—	•**BUFFALO SOLDIER**	Bob Marley and The Wailers
26	18	**BREAKAWAY**	Tracey Ullman
27	—	**FAMILY MAN**	Daryl Hall & John Oates
28	—	**DON'T STOP THAT CRAZY RHYTHM**	Modern Romance
29	—	**THUNDER AND LIGHTNING**	Thin Lizzy
30	17	**I AM ME**	Twisted Sister

UKLPS

1	1	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie
2	3	**TRUE**	Spandau Ballet
3	2	**THRILLER**	Michael Jackson
4	7	**WHITE FEATHERS**	KajaGooGoo
5	6	**FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT**	Bonnie Tyler
6	5	**SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS)**	Eurythmics
7	4	**THE FINAL CUT**	Pink Floyd
8	10	**QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK**	Thompson Twins
9	17	•**THE LUXURY GAP**	Heaven 17
10	11	**CARGO**	Men At Work
11	9	**THE HURTING**	Tears For Fears
12	22	•**MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND**	Meat Loaf
13	14	**TOTO 4**	Toto
14	8	**WAR**	U2
15	21	•**HIGHLY STRUNG**	Steve Hackett
16	15	**THE KEY**	Joan Armatrading
17	13	**HIGH LAND, HARD RAIN**	Aztec Camera
18	12	**LOCAL HERO**	Mark Knopfler
19	—	•**POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES**	New Order
20	—	•**YOU CAN'T STOP ROCK'N'ROLL**	Twisted Sister
21	23	**KIDS FROM FAME LIVE**	Kids From Fame
22	16	**PRIDE**	Robert Palmer
23	19	**RIO**	Duran Duran
24	—	•**LISTEN**	A Flock of Seagulls
25	18	**GRAPES OF WRATH**	Spear Of Destiny
26	—	**JARREAU**	Al Jarreau
27	25	**LIONEL RICHIE**	Lionel Richie
28	20	**SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR**	Marillion
29	26	**STREET SOUNDS, EDITION 3**	Various Artists
30	—	**TWICE AS KOOL**	Kool And The Gang

US45S

1	1	**BEAT IT**	Michael Jackson
2	4	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie
3	2	**COME IN EILEEN**	Dexys Midnight Runner
4	3	**MR ROBOTO**	Styx
5	5	**DER KOMMISSAR**	After The Fire
6	7	**SHE BLINDED ME WITH SCIENCE**	Thomas Dolby
7	13	•**FLASHDANCE...WHAT A FEELING**	Irene Cara
8	11	**OVERKILL**	Men At Work
9	9	**EVEN NOW**	Bob Seger And The Silver Bullet Band
10	12	**LITTLE RED CORVETTE**	Prince

USLPS

1	1	**THRILLER**	Michael Jackson
2	2	**THE FINAL CUT**	Pink Floyd
3	6	**PYROMANIA**	Def Leppard
4	19	•**CARGO**	Men At Work
5	13	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie
6	5	**FRONTIERS**	Journey
7	6	**BUSINESS AS USUAL**	Men At Work
8	4	**KILROY WAS HERE**	Styx
9	9	**WAR**	U2
10	26	**FLASHDANCE**	Soundtrack

NEW RELEASES

SINGLES

IT'S NO REASON ..... The Church
MARIA ..... Lene Lovich
HIGH LIFE ..... Modern Romance
RIP IT UP ..... Orange Juice
COOL PLACES ..... Sparks
AFFAIR OF THE HEART ..... Rick Springfield
CHANGE ..... Tears For Fears
LOVE ON YOUR SIDE ..... Thompson Twins
PLAY THE GAME ..... Wendy & The Rocketts

ALBUMS

EIN ZEL HAFT ..... Falco
BATTLE HYMNS FOR CHILDREN SINGING ..... Haysi Fantayzee
Music From LOCAL HERO ..... Mark Knopfler
THE NET ..... Little River Band
THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN ..... Nick Lowe
INARTICULATE SPEECH OF THE HEART ..... Van Morrison
POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES ..... New Order
SCREAM OF THE REAL ..... Radiators
THE HURTING ..... Tears For Fears
FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT ..... Bonnie Tyler
AUPENTITY ..... Klaus Schulze
LIVE AT LAST ..... Goldrush

OZ45S

TW	LW	HP	WI		
1	4	1	4	•**I WAS ONLY 19**	Redgum
2	1	1	9	**BILLIE JEAN**	Michael Jackson
3	2	2	7	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie
4	3	3	10	**1999**	Prince
5	5	5	3	**IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW?**	Duran Duran
6	7	6	3	**DER KOMMISSAR**	Falco
7	8	7	5	**DROP THE PILOT**	Joan Armatrading
8	15	8	6	•**SAVE YOUR LOVE**	Renee & Renato
9	6	4	7	**OVERKILL**	Men At Work
10	35	10	2	•**TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART**	Bonnie Tyler
11	13	6	11	**WHITE WEDDING**	Billy Idol
12	11	1	18	**UP WHERE WE BELONG**	Joe Cocker & Jennifer Warnes
13	10	9	12	**DON'T PAY THE FERRYMAN**	Chris De Burgh
14	22	14	4	•**WHAM RAP!**	Wham
15	14	14	3	**LET THE FRANKLIN FLOW**	Gordon Franklin & the Wilderness Ensemble
16	9	9	13	**SHOOP SHOOP DIDDY WOP CUMMA CUMMA WANG DANG**	Monte Video & the Cassettes
17	12	5	8	**TOO SHY**	KajaGooGoo
18	24	18	3	•**DER KOMMISSAR**	After The Fire
19	19	19	12	**BABY, I NEED YOUR LOVING**	Carl Carlton
20	21	20	4	**LOSING YOU**	Sharon O'Neill
21	17	14	5	**BUFFALO GALS**	Malcolm McLaren
22	18	16	5	**SPIRIT GOT LOST**	Mental as Anything
23	23	23	4	**ALWAYS SOMETHING THERE TO REMIND ME**	Naked Eyes
24	16	8	7	**POWER AND THE PASSION**	Midnight Oil
25	25	23	7	**THE BEAT GOES ON**	The Globos
26	—	26	1	•**BEAT IT**	Michael Jackson
27	20	7	10	**MAD WORLD**	Tears For Fears
28	30	11	12	**TIME**	Culture Club
29	28	28	12	**CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU**	Boys Town Gang
30	27	9	11	**WE'VE GOT TONIGHT**	Kenny Rogers and Sheena Easton
31	32	31	7	**I KNEW YOU WHEN**	Linda Ronstadt
32	—	32	1	•**SHE BLINDED ME WITH SCIENCE**	Thomas Dolby
33	33	33	2	**DRACULA'S TANGO**	Toto Coelo
34	26	26	2	**NEW YEAR'S DAY**	U2
35	—	35	1	•**GOING HOME: MUSIC FROM 'LOCAL HERO'**	Mark Knopfler
36	37	36	2	**JEOPARDY**	Greg Kihn Band
37	34	2	15	**TWISTING BY THE POOL**	Dire Straits
38	—	38	1	**YOU ARE**	Lionel Richie
39	—	39	1	**SOLITAIRE**	Laura Branigan
40	38	38	4	**DO YOU WANNA FUNK?**	Sylvester

OZ LPS

TW	LW	HP	WI		
1	1	1	4	**CARGO**	Men At Work
2	4	2	16	**THRILLER**	Michael Jackson
3	3	3	4	**THE FINAL CUT**	Pink Floyd
4	2	1	5	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie
5	5	5	6	**THE KEY**	Joan Armatrading
6	6	1	24	**SPIRIT OF PLACE**	Goanna
7	11	7	2	•**WATCH THE RED**	The Angels
8	8	1	24	**10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1**	Midnight Oil
9	9	9	6	**WAR**	U2
10	7	1	16	**IV**	Toto
11	25	11	4	•**GREATEST HITS VOL 2**	John Denver
12	10	6	7	**CREATURES OF LEISURE**	Mental As Anything
13	12	1	33	**LOVE OVER GOLD**	Dire Straits
14	14	14	3	**A CHILD'S ADVENTURE**	Marianne Faithful
15	13	1	50	**BUSINESS AS USUAL**	Men At Work
16	16	14	11	**THE GETAWAY**	Chris De Burgh
17	15	3	17	**DESPERATE**	Divinyls
18	18	7	12	**ANOTHER PAGE**	Christopher Cross
19	17	3	27	**GREATEST HITS VOL 3**	Olivia Newton-John
20	19	19	4	**FOREIGN AFFAIRS**	Sharon O'Neill
21	28	3	28	•**NIGHT AND DAY**	Joe Jackson
22	21	8	14	**LIVE AT SEVERAL 21st's**	The Party Boys
23	24	23	7	**1999**	Prince
24	34	24	3	•**NOT THE BOY NEXT DOOR**	Peter Allen
25	26	18	9	**"AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN" SOUNDTRACK**	
26	20	19	10	**GREATEST HITS VOL 2**	Little River Band
27	31	4	30	**SHABOOH SHABOOH**	INXS
28	38	19	15	•**REACH**	Richard Simmons
29	33	1	35	**PRIMITIVE MAN**	Icehouse
30	32	14	17	**LIONEL RICHIE**	Lionel Richie
31	30	15	10	**SKY FIVE LIVE**	Sky
32	27	26	4	**PORCUPINE**	Echo & The Bunnymen
33	—	33	1	•**KILROY WAS HERE**	Styx
34	23	2	13	**25 YEARS OF GOLD**	Cliff Richard
35	35	33	5	**MAMA AFRICA**	Peter Tosh
36	36	13	10	**MONEY AND CIGARETTES**	Eric Clapton
37	22	10	19	**HELLO, I MUST BE GOING**	Phil Collins
38	39	23	6	**THE HIGH ROAD (MINI LP)**	Roxy Music
39	—	39	1	**RENEE LIVE**	Renee Geyer
40	—	40	1	**SWEET DREAMS**	Eurythmics

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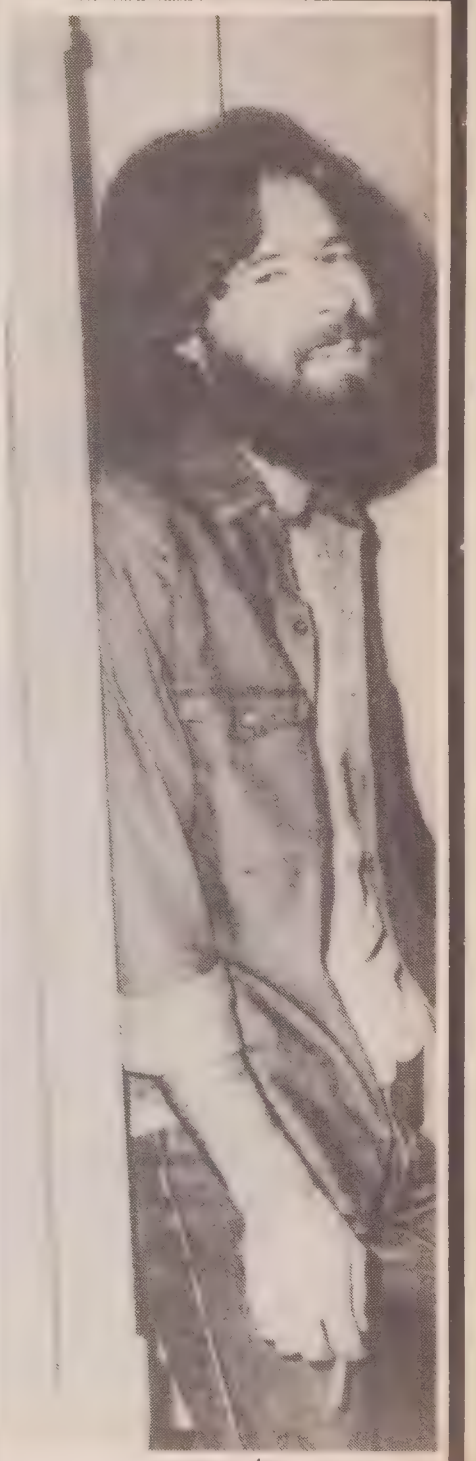

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■ RECORDS ■ GIGS ■ MOVIES ■ BOOKS

Peter Garrett

Matt Moffitt

John Swan (Pix: Ian Greene)

Heroes — New (Almost), Old & Born Again!

MIDNIGHT OIL, SWANEE, MATT FINISH, DECKCHAIRS OVERBOARD

(Penrith Football Ground, Sydney)

It was back in July 1980 that Matt Finish really started to cook. They were (again) supporting Midnight Oil at the time, and due to the ever-present threat of a hostile audience and the sheer inspiration of working with a band like the Oils, Matt Finish kicked arse. Within a couple of weeks, they'd achieved a level of performance that was thrilling.

Fourteen months later, having already delivered scores of searing gigs, they left us reeling at Tanelorn. With fistfuls of dust lashing their faces. Matt Finish went the long, Mad Dogs cutting into a striving performance that simply blistered with power and passion and, above all, humility.

It should have been the show that launched them headlong into the major league.

But that performance at Tanelorn, loosed as a moody dusk plunged the windswept crater into bitter Arctic darkness, was to be among their last. Within a matter of days, the unit had collapsed. The strength had been shattered by those same self-destructive forces that had fashioned it, and the post-mortems (which were to carry on for endless months) were twisted and buckled with bitter introspection.

Highly volatile, they'd *lived* by a creed of non-compromising attitudes that was aimed, point blank, at self-destruction. A terminally violent shit-fight, it yielded some of the most engaging music ever heard. And in true style they lived fast, died young and went down with Martin Scorsese's classic epitaph, "You've got to love something enough to kill it."

Eighteen months later, they've returned to the scene.

Midnight Oil and their agency, Nucleus, had organised a major outdoor concert as a benefit for "a yet to be designated youth facility in the Western Suburbs". The concert, presented under the banner 'Jobs — Every Home Should Have One', was promoted by 2MMM. The chosen venue was Penrith Park, home of the Panthers' rugby league team, some 55k's from the city, through the barren wasteland of suburban Sydney.

As men from the State Emergency Squad patrolled the perimeter in their mango coveralls(!), punters went through the obligatory bag search at the stadium gates. Outside, the boozing was heavy. Inside, it was pleasant, enough having scraped through to make it enjoyable rather than an all out drunken shit-fight. And, with a fine supply of bongs getting through unhampered, it was a pleasant enough sky to relax under.

By the time Matt Finish took the stage for their first return gig, following Night Chill, Nothin' Fancy and the promising Deckchairs Overboard, the crowd had grown to 18,500, the blues had died away and some 2,000 people had been turned away at the gate.

Matt Finish came on with what was virtually their original lineup: Matt Moffitt (vocals and guitar), Jeff Clayton (bass) and John Pryor (drums).

It was a courageous shot.

Working as a three-piece, they embarked on a set consisting of 75% new material, a brave approach considering they always thrived under cover of darkness in dingy gigs and here they were thrusting themselves into an open-air daylight gig.

Joined for a while by a guest percussionist (who they'd met a couple of days earlier), they got off to a shaky start. But numbers like *Mancini Shuffle*, *Short Note* and an excellent *It's On My Way* connected with the crowd, and the band started to smoulder in the second half, with Matt delivering the vibrance of old.

Whether they can sustain it and build upon it has yet to be seen. I hope they can.

But it was Swanee who turned out to be the real surprise of the afternoon. Exuding far more energy than before, the set was packed with power, pace and an edge that was severely lacking n the virtual cabaret days of old. Faced with an audience that was hanging out for the Oils, Swanee turned in the best performance I've seen from him in years, with a great version of Townshend's *Rough Boys*, a sing-along *If I Were A Carpenter*, *Sweet Home Alabama* and *Born To Run*.

Punchy, highly emotional, Swanee knows what he wants from a band and with this revised lineup he's got a damned good chance of getting it. There's a round in the breech and a trigger that just has to be pulled.

By the time the Oil hit the stage, the bonfires were blazing, and the audience was at a fever pitch. Hitting the stage to a heroes' welcome, they launched into a chilling rendition of *Armistice Day*. It promised to be a supreme peformance on a par with their set at Tanelorn, and some of the galvanising shows at the Capitol and the Astor Theatres last December.

But within minutes, that initial flash of desperate anticipation had descended into an hour so slick that it bordered on parody. With the crowd singing along to every song, they seemed somehow tame. The chill and the rush of a boiler-suit commando raid had dispersed, and we were left with a highly entertaining show from a very good band.

What they failed to muster was the force to deliver one of their killer performances, one of those shows that transform the audience into a scorching blast furnace of excitement.

Leaving the gig gave, perhaps, greater insights into the nature of rock'n'roll than the actual bands did, as petrol-head Westies hovered around intersections with tyres blazing and kids crammed into and hung out of trains, taking far more chances with fate than their favorite band did.

ANDREW McMILLAN

(Pic: Tasso Taraboulsi)

LOVELY LENE

SINGLES

Sometimes visiting artists say 'Yes, love to do a guest singles review', and you send them the records or a tape and they decide it's all too hard, or there's just not enough time between interviews. Or sometimes they do them and the tour manager leaves the precious package in a Brisbane motel.

We taped a dozen Australasian singles that might be in some way representative of what's been coming out recently, and despatched them to LENE LOVICH without getting too hopeful. So it was a happy surprise to see her not only go to some pains to get the reviews back safely and on time, but also to read the warm and perceptive things she had to say. . .

WENDY & THE ROCKETTS
Play The Game
The philosophy makes sense — 'It's all up to you'. These Rocketts are not as camp as the name implies. Wendy sounds positive on the chorus but loses her grip on the verse. There is a real art to that semi-spoken style of singing, and Wendy's effort is just not that compelling. The real magic moment is when she goes *yes yes yes yes!!!'* I like that.

Not too many surprises here. Radio might love it.

THE GO-BETWEENS
Cattle And Cane
A curious acoustic mood, reminiscent of those spiritually stimulating psychedelic songs. The reverent vocal approach makes you think he's singing something important. But the words don't come across that well on my little cassette player, nor does the build towards the end. Musical ideas have got to leap out, and if it doesn't sound dangerous in the studio — you probably haven't gone far enough.

ICEHOUSE
Street Cafe
This is the most mature and quality-sounding production so far. Well thought out, and well-balanced. Should impress a lot of people. A simple song that creates quite a picture in sound. Yes — I've seen the video — a sort of *'Vogue* meets *Newsweek'*. Why do we need to use the ravages of war to make our song seem more important? (Oh Lene. . . it's only a movie!!)

THE SCREAMING MEEMEES
Stars In My Eyes
Isolate each track on tape and you might find lots worth listening to — but as a whole it's a bit 'every man for himself', and as a dance record, just too frantic at times to get a good sense of the groove. Probably would astound the audience in a live situation. Very *Up*.

THE AGENTS
Seven Samurai
Love guitars that play heroic riffs. The whole band sound very committed. Only the verses lack personality. One day every singer must find their own special style.

BLAM BLAM BLAM
Call For Help
Odd mix — vocals compete with guitar. and no-one wins. Stimulating instrumental break towards the end. No shortage of creative ideas here.

MONDO ROCK
In Another Love
Sounds like this band has been around a while. Solid — stable — confident performance in a conventional style. Nothing outrageous to thrill the brain, but compared to the more tortured specimens of 'modern rock', this guy actually sounds like he enjoys singing.

KAREN ANSELL
No Commotion
Lots of appealing artistic input here. Gets more attractive the more you hear it. Vocals are anonymous and dreamy. The vitality bubbles out from the synths. What friendly sounds they make! Sometimes these humans seem so cold. . .

THE SPITFIRES
Rumble In The Jungle
Rock and roll catalogue of cliches. Just what you expect from these nostalgia types. Someone, somewhere, is waiting for the old familiar format. If they had anything to say in the first place, they could have expressed it better — as it is, they probably had a laugh in the studio making all the jungle noises.

INXS
To Look At You
I've seen this band on American T.V. They obviously know what to do on stage, and the singer seems to have a lot of front. On record though, the lazy style of vocal delivery just sounds a bit tired to me on its own at times. Sounds more stable with the help of the backing vocals. The band sounds sure and I like the clear, bright guitar alright — and when he says *'different kind of girl'*

But what does it all mean???

MIDNIGHT OIL
Power And The Passion
Not your average three-minute single. Not an easy arrangement. But I like the way the chorus drops in from nowhere — should encourage a lot of singing on the dance floor. I can relate to the sentiment of the song — can you? Great blast of brass at the end makes it special too.

PRIVATE LIVES
Pleas
What's he saying in the verse? Something about being after your money? Oh well, at least they're honest. Musically, a very relaxed groove — featuring a sax with an attractive tone. But what do I know? — I never practise. . .

RALPH McTELL
Water Of Dreams
(Larrikin)

Getting there is awfully difficult — being there is exciting, and the fruition of an ambition. It's when artists hit the top that their anxiety and vulnerability become dominant aspects in their lives. What else is there for one to do when one has reached the mountain top, but decline in style? —' and gracefully fest one make a rapid descent and tumble right into obscurity

Ralph McTell had a taste of what life was like on the mountain top a few years ago. He had a massive hit with *The Streets Of London*, and sadly could not find a followup to match this popular standard. Song after song, producer changes and all the tricks in the business proved a failure in resurrecting that success

Water Of Dreams is his latest offering after a long absence. After a few close, curious listenings, I am left with the impression that this one is directed mainly at the 30-plus market and sections of the MOR underbelly

Please Don't Haunt Me is a jazzy ballad about emotional traumas, a theme fully explored throughout this set. Without a doubt, this happens to be the most laid back record I have heard for some time — an air of gloom and despair hangs over it. It is, in a word, uninspiring.

Larrikin has taken a gamble, and I hope it works. One must give them full credit for giving Ralph McTell a chance. This man is capable of a lot more, as unfortunately the material on this album is weak, none of the tracks having enough muscle to help revive a flagging career

Get back to the drawing board, find a few interesting songs and perhaps a different producer. This is just too mild to warrant a career resurrection

ROBERT BANGO

ROXY MUSIC
The High Road
(E.G. Records)

Cut to a typical Roxy Music lineup on a typical tour. Here are some Roxy stalwarts and the usual gaggle of hired hands, and a typically oblique selection of tunes: two by Ferry (one a typical hit single) and representative samples of Neil Young and John Lennon, proving yet again that Bryan's no snob about his sources

The playing is typically spirited but the ideas are tired, and these 26 minutes have left with no new insights into the cardboard-cutout soul of M'sieur Ferry. The best thing here is Andy Newmark's compelling drumming, and the most dubious aspect is the funny guitar-playing

Sometimes the band is so hot rhythmically that it sounds like Santana — svelte guitar tone and all — but Bryan's melancholia-on-ice (shaken, not stirred) is less than effective. I find the studio albums more exciting.

As a historical document, it's of interest only to the typical Roxyphile; as dance music it's OK; as Art, it's another Campbells soupcan.

NORM D. PLUME

Cute Couples

FUNBOY THREE
Waiting
(Chrysalis)
BANANARAMA
Deep Sea Skiving
(London)

Ostensibly these two groups have much in common, Bananarama having been discovered by the FB3: 'three boys meet three girls' and none of the six having much of what you'd call 'musical training'. However a closer look reveals that you'd be hard pressed to find two groups more different. Bananarama are the first decent post-sixties girl group, whereas the FB3 are quite unlike anything that's come before.

The story goes that **Bananarama** were discovered modelling in *The Face*, and the Funboys thought they'd be good for some backing vocals. At that stage, Bananarama had only a one-song repertoire, but flushed with the possibility of stardom, they decided to blush their way to an international No. 1, which they did with *Shy Boy*. The question now is, can they make it twice? This album suggests that they most certainly can.

Like the Shangri-Las or the Crystals, Bananarama pretend to be nothing more than entertainment. No heavy messages, no personal statements and no revolutionary musical positions — just fame, fortune and a good time along the way. The 'shoop shoop' backing vocals and the heavily-produced veneer of their records puts them firmly in the tradition of the sixties girl group, but the heavy dose of irony (turning *Kiss Him Goodbye* into a gay anthem) or *Hey Young London*'s lighthearted look at the fashion wars gives Bananarama a definite eighties outlook, a contemporary feel that is crucial to any good 'pop' band.

At first listening, *Deep Sea Skiving* is like an overdose of saccharine The hit songs which have been played to death on the radio for the past year tend to pall, and it takes some time for the other tracks to make their presence felt. Given that there are four producers at work here, it's not surprising that the band manages to achieve some measure of diversity in their sound, and with the indispensable assistance of Paul Weller, Dave Jordan and the aforementioned Funboy Three, it's equally unsurprising that there's a great deal of imagination in the arrangements. All in all a quality product. It restores your faith in the Top 40.

Their name notwithstanding, the **Funboy Three** are not singing about having a good time. The three ex-Specials are all determined to have a say about the appalling practices in the former imperial power they call home.

Without any particular expertise as musicians, they've felt free to develop their own 'sound', based on piano, voices and percussion. All this of course was apparent on last year's two hit singles, *Lunatics* and *It Ain't What You Do. Waiting* is more of the same, performed better and conceived for a more direct impact. Production by David Byrne of Talking Heads is less cluttered than the last album, being both simpler and more solid. Terry Staples comes more to the fore, which is a little disappointing because Lynval and Neville once had the greatest impact.

The songs are almost exclusively about Britain and British customs *The More I See* chronicles the troubles in Ulster, while *The Farm Yard Connection* uses the drug trade as metaphor for the long-standing ravages of imperialism. *The Tunnel Of Love* is a love-and-marriage song which ends in divorce. Irony is well represented in their version of the Go-Gos' *Our Lips Are Sealed*, which verges on paranoia at times and brings out sinister overtones not apparent in the original

However it would be doing the band a severe disservice to paint them as a sombre bunch of protesters Humour abounds in the lyrics, and the arrangements are plundered from genres ranging from disco to the French popular song, while touching on reggae and rock in passing. The tendency to lose perspective or sacrifice craftsmanship for the sake of a 'message' has destroyed a great many talented writers, fortunately the FB3, with their dispassionate tone, manage to be both subtle and explicit in appropriate places. Understatement rules! Where their first album went a little too far towards a primitive minimalism *Waiting* is a sublime balance between an exciting conception and polished execution It's the sort of confident advance which makes this album one of the best so far this year.

The obvious weight behind FB3's album doesn't necessarily make it a better record than Bananarama's debut, and in fact both are successful in achieving widely different goals. Actually, the only thing these two records have in common is that neither band lists their names anywhere on the jackets That's what I like about these English kids — they're not hung up on being stars.

TOBY CRESWELL

EDDIE GRANT
Killer on the Rampage
(Ice)
PETER TOSH
Mama Africa
(EMI)

Ex-member of the Foundations and currently resident in Barbados. **Eddy Grant** has been credited with bringing a more electric, '80s sound to Reggae. *Killer On The Rampage* is a more electronic, synthesized album than most Reggae records, and though there are no credits on the sleeve, it sounds as if Eddy did it all himself. He owes a little to Stevie Wonder, I reckon, like the synthesizer on *Too Young To Fall*, and the multi-tracked vocals throughout — in contrast to Stevie's constantly varied singing however, Eddy's insistent harmonising becomes either strident or cloying. Ditto the songs themselves, which are bland pop tunes (*Drop Baby Drop*) or your average political sentiment (*War Party*), with little instrumental or vocal variation. *Latin Lover* stands out only for its fusion feel and McCartneyish tune complete with cornball piano and every Latin device ever trashed since 'Speedy Gonzales'. Shameless. Elsewhere nasty fuzz guitars play careful interludes. Some of it gets exciting, too much is sober pop plumbing

Mama Africa is funky. Heavy on bass and drums (Dunbar and Shakespeare on a few tracks), the songs are extended tribal hollers with a great choir (including Betty Wright) chanting joyous choruses, sweet guitar solos, wailing sax and **Peter Tosh**'s clarinet sewing the seams. Two old songs surface: the Wailers' *Stop That Train*, now countrified with steel guitar and C&W whistle-stop horns, and *Johnny B. Goode* which is *so* solid, a totally new song with new words and strong instrumentation featuring the compressed bass end of a piano and horns. Roll over, Berry.

This album is political, honest (if sometimes naive — is the Rastaman *really* the *'only man left'*?), urgent, and if its lack of distinction is a worry, you'll still find yourself singing along

NORM D. PLUME

NEW ORDER
Blue Monday/The Beach
(CBS Records-GAP — 2" 12" Single)

As a preview to the course New Order will be taking on their upcoming album *Power, Corruption and Lies*, I can only express disappointment in *Blue Monday*. Clocking in at 7:26, it is a lengthy and unimaginative effort that easily overextends itself into specious monotony. Exploring an area that Heaven 17 and David Bowie have already chartered, New Order show none of the power and passion that has previously distinguished them. A variety of studio embellishments and a guitar allusion to a spaghetti western theme (wit or wank?) do nothing to enhance this limp, cliched poke at dancefloor dynamics.

Blue Monday is a disco duck that has laid the golden egg — a Top Ten hit in England — but what price fame? It's got (s)hit written all over it. Is this the band that gave us the album *Movement* and those three brilliant singles, *Ceremony, Procession/Everything's Gone Green* and *Temptation*? If only it weren't.

The B-side, meaningfully titled *The Beach*, is simply an instrumental workout of *Blue Monday* with some added dim-witted metallic effects vaguely reminiscent of Kraftwerk. I mean *really*, team? The whole affair is complete with handclaps a la Irving Schwartz on 45. A real blooper, and a 12" one at that.

MARK MORDUE

RIC OCASEK
Beatitude
(Geffen)
UTOPIA
Utopia
(Epic)

It's Art! It's Now! It's Dull!

PINK FLOYD
The Final Cut
(CBS)

A requiem, a song for the dead. . . I think the post-war dream was always a lie. In England, 'revolution' is a BIG word. The efforts of Roger Waters and his cronies to be relevant — *'Oh Maggie, what have we done to England?'* — are neither desirable nor particularly interesting. A recent "scoop exclusive" interview trumpeted on the front page of *Juke* prompted me to think 'who cares?' This album sparks the same reaction. (For that matter, so does *Juke*.)

The Final Cut is another anguished *product* (keep that word in mind) from Waters' sick mind. (And make no mistake that it is sick with the spoils of megastar success and excess — *'and if I show you my weak side/what would you do/would you sell your story to* Rolling Stone?')

It's a depressing and sombre work, its themes developing from Pink Floyd's last album; *The Final Cut* is *The Wall's* melancholy baby. For just as surely as Pink Floyd plot paths of disillusionment and alienation, so too does their music freeze up: a kind of creative petrification — there's nowhere to go, so little to *really* talk about. There's no sense of danger or threat; things are so dark they don't see or know where they are going. Gladbag nihilism for the market place. existential dilemmas to get-out-of-it-to.

State-of-the-art production — this time a development called 'holophonics' — is applied liberally and with much gusto to shake, rattle and roll the listener out of his chair. But it takes more than hi-tech to save David Gilmour's exquisite but all too familiar guitar work, while Waters just isn't half as smart lyrically as he'd like to be — just twice as vague in an important-sounding way. Roger would have liked to have had the cultural significance of someone like Dylan, but Bobby smiled and wept and moved the heart and head (without the assistance of zooming jet planes, disembodied voices, cannons etc.), while Waters gave up acid, smoked lots of dope and sunk into a morass of self-pitying efforts to produce masterworks.

You see, Pink Floyd don't make albums, they release "statements": documents of the era, compositions of cool precision and overwrought dramatics. It's art! It's now! It's dull! At least Leonard Cohen was a straight-out whiner

The Final Cut is dedicated to the memory of Roger Waters' father, who was born at the start of the "war to end all wars", and who died during World War II. Militarism, power-mongering, corruption, war, disorientation, industrial and social oppression, isolation and anti-nuclear sentiments all get a look-in — all standard Floyd fare. Waters attempts to wed personal history with broader social issues and in the process hangs himself in indulgently arty and bloated efforts to produce an epic.

I remember when *The Wall* came out its fifth-grade sociology appealed to me. Time has quickly paled my fascination with that effort, and I feel *The Final Cut* is destined for the same wasteland of indifference.

With a few exceptions, such as the stunning song *Wish You Were Here*, Pink Floyd peaked with the relentless craftmanship of *Dark Side Of The Moon*. Then, their production skills and approach were interesting and innovative — now it's a case of an old dog polishing and refining old tricks without any new ideas.

Albums like U2's *War*, Echo and the Bunnymen's *Porcupine*, The Go-Betweens' *Before Hollywood* and the Beat's *Special Beat Service* are all far more vital efforts than this bodgie attempt at a masterpiece. And if you're looking for music that is moving and socially relevant (such a bad phrase that one), check out the subtle inflections of Robert Wyatt's *Shipbuilding*, which deserves the sales *The Final Cut* will rack up, and vice-versa. These people give all they have and succeed with passion and intelligence. Roger Waters, on the other hand, doesn't have much to give. He fails. And he fails in tone with the music — miserably. Let's hope this is requiem for Pink Floyd. They have their place in history, and they belong there. In the meantime, to steal a phrase from Paul Weller, dig the new breed.

MARK MORDUE

On one hand, the songwriter for those passe popsters the Cars puts out a solo album, and on the other the precocious one-man-band takes a back seat on a pop LP by his part-time band There is no particular reason for lumping these items together, except they're both deadly irritants.

Ric Ocasek sings in a mannered monotonous and insinuating voice with all the conviction of a cigarette machine. He jerks out muzak with pretensions to decadence. His pet subjects are immediate sexual gratification and pre-holocaust paranoia. The credits on the sleeve are coded in video-game symbols and that's indicative of the mechanistic and incessant pap within.

While Mr Ocasek pays tribute to Lou Reed, Bowie and Devo (and unashamedly to himself), **Utopia** kiss the feet of the Beatles and rehash a bit of the Stones Syd Barrett and

continued Page 30

Well — Moulded Machs

MACHINATIONS
Esteem
(White Label)

It's been a long time coming, but Machinations' debut album was worth waiting for. Although, with the exception of *Pressure Sway*, it was recorded in fits and starts during the middle months of last year, producers Lobby Loyde and Paul Radcliffe have shaped a truly dazzling studio creation With the exception (again) of *Pressure Sway* it doesn't sound much like Machinations live, then or now, but what the hell? When presented with such a sublime example of aural alchemy, it would be churlish to quibble

The album begins, as it ends, with a thickly layered and massively treated opus. The title track boasts a bonza bass line, a vocal subjected to radical echo, and a sound so easy to get totally immersed in. But before one is sucked totally into the maelstrom, the sparse funk of *Pressure Sway*, (the only track produced by Dunlop and Brown) comes bounding through. A truly great funk single, its metamorphosis into a 12-inch extended dance mix - courtesy of a New York DJ — for Stateside consumption is apt confirmation of its supreme danceability. Tim Doyle's very tasty guitar is a definite highpoint here

Down, down, into the trance-and-dance grandeur of *Transient* with ghostly piano and human voice reverbed almost beyond recognition (by Lu?) conducting you dazed and dreamy to the end of side one

Wheeeeee! Off on the slipperydip of side two, castle hunting with runaway Fred Lonergan on the Welsh borders, and tripping across the USA with beatnik buddies Kerouac & Co in search of some good ol' sixties lysergic (that ain't pounds, shillings and pence he's talking about, Junior!) The aural mists descend again for the dark and salty *Terminal Wharf*, and before you know it you're in the dense labyrinth - festooned with ornamental flourishes, of course — of *The Hunt*

Esteem is an artfully and elaborately decorated piece of sound sculpture fashioned by Lobby Loyde and Paul Radcliffe, using the raw material of Machinations. The result is something that all have reason to be proud of However, the more recently recorded *Pressure Sway* points the way for Machinations towards a more cohesive dance-funk style (watch out, Prince baby!) What Lobby Loyde is up to at the moment of course anyone's guess -

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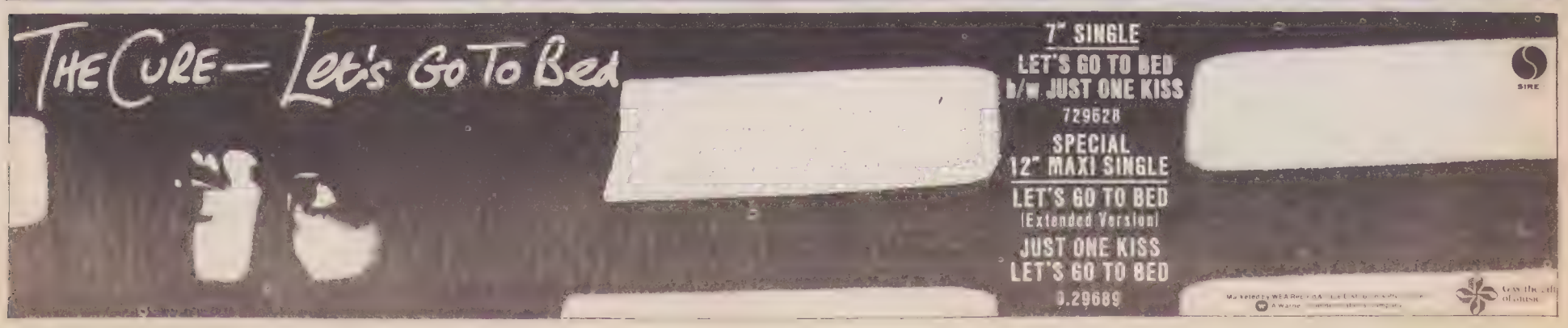

A Thrill Despite The Frog

LENE LOVICH

(Capitol Theatre, Sydney)

The daunting prospect of Dee Minor & the Dischords on an empty stomach saw me linger over dinner instead — besides, comic metal psychodrama as an entree to Lene Lovich spelt a prime recipe for indigestion. Whoever mooted this bill of fare had *no* sympathy. . . .Which is exactly what we felt for Lene from the opening bars of *Savages;* tentative lunges at those characteristic trills often fell short, and it quickly became obvious Lene was labouring under the ravages of the ubiquitous throat infection. Joe Jackson was to exhibit similar symptoms a few days later, though it was bound to have a more pronounced effect on Lene's larynx, given her far less orthodox approach to vocalising.

Enough with the excuses, of which there were far fewer for the sound engineer. Sure, the Capitol is notorious for its cavernous acoustics, but any semblance of a balanced mix didn't happen until the rending ballad *Too Tender To Touch,* six numbers into the set. Till then the twin keyboard pivot had been buried beneath an avalanche of bass, and Les Chappell's guitar was nowhere to be found. Lene had to that point contributed a smattering of trumpet and sax, but laid the brass aside to devote her full (if depleted) energies to singing.

"If all you people up front would breathe on me, it'll make the air warm and wet" — Lene's improvised request for instant voice-healing treatment had quick results: (*'I call the shots and I'*) *Say When* followed by way of coincidence, as a thousand pairs of lungs (in varying states of repair) exhaled in her direction. A near complete recovery ensued — even the mix improved, though Les continued to synch away on guitar, later to be heard for the first time on the staccato intro to *Maria,* the current single.

He pranced a mean dance though, did Les — he and Lene doubled as the visual focus, she a multi-layered shock of gloriously clashing colours, he a hyperactive streak in black and white, bald head bobbing like a luminous ping-pong ball under the lights. A curious contrast, heightened by the stoic immovability of bass player Ron Francois, ex-Rumour drummer Steve Goulding and the dual keyboard contingent of Ben Barson and Lyndon Connah.

And the material — a frothing cocktail of old and new — ranged through seven cuts from the new album, *No Man's Land,* to more familiar landmarks from the past: a perfunctory *New Toy,* a cluttered *Lucky Number,* and a resigned reading of *Home* to close the show. Which suggested to me (at least) that in her afflicted condition, Lene found it much easier to grapple with the new material, largely stripped as it is of the yelps, screeches, sobs and caterwauls of her earlier work. She appears much more intent on actually *singing* these days, though it was ironic that her malady made it sound more like a bellow on this particular outing.

I'm gonna go catch one of her pub shows. . . she's bound to have exorcised the frog by now.

PHIL STAFFORD

A last look at Lene. . . (Pic: Rhonda Thwaite)

THE UNDERTONES
The Sin of Pride
(EMI)

With the overblown soul anthem *Speak Like A Child* killing all comers in the English charts at the moment, it's nice to know some songs of real and resonant worth are also around under the heading of 'eighties soul'. Paul Weller's new group the Style Council may be familiar with Motown/Stax phrasings and arrangements, but their single is only superficially successful.

In contrast to this sweet hollowness are the glorious sounds of the Undertones' new LP. Adding the deliriously delicious backup vocals of Sylvia and The Sapphires as well as a small horn section was a masterful stroke of genius by the band — which normally consists of bass, guitar, organ, drums and the haunting, tremulous voice of a lad named Feargal Sharkey.

The Undertones

The Undertones have always been pristine pop shapers, with the slightest hint of deeper wells lying beneath their glossy exterior. On *The Sin of Pride* the band reaches back beyond their Irish heritage and Van Morrison affectations to a sound rooted between Phil Spector's spatial productions of lucid sixties girl groups and a more earthy Charley/Barclay r'n'b sound. The Undertones have looked for inspiration beyond their immediate environment, and have found solace in music meant to uplift without all the overbearing technical abstractions that so convolute music meant to be 'soul' in these shallow Top 40 times.

The major element which elevates music, though, is the daunting psychedelia strain which runs so exquisitely through the album. A wah-wah pedal here and a cluster of trebly voices there do not in themselves make for a surrealistic pillow. There is more to psychedelia than white rabbits and Springfield buffaloes. This the Undertones know well. There are heaps of structural characteristics atypical of anything from Martha and the Vandellas to Peter Green's guitar, but the clincher lies in the band's ability to weld all these — not too — disparate elements into modern, high reachin' pop music *without* being too obvious or pathetically camp about it.

Undertoned and over the top, *The Sin of Pride* is something to sweat over and get proud about

CRAIG N. PEARCE

The Spitfires

THE SPITFIRES

(Southern Cross Hotel, Sydney)

The SPITFIRES are a rock'n'roll band from Adelaide, playing in the shadows of Eddie Cochran and bringing life to teenage-rebel/rage/sex/drink raptures of the 50s. They play fast and hard, and the word is hot. Very hot.

As I stumble off the street, the Southern Cros is its typical Saturday night bakehouse self, crowded more than usual with lots of sweaty bodies and the pungent smells of beer and cigarette smoke. I'm not much of a fan of early rock, but the Spitfires educate me to a few passions and the irrepressible urge to tap my foot, shake my leg and eventually move, move, move. It's *a good time,* a night for having a few drinks and enjoying yourself. That's still OK to do you know.

Rockabilly, rhythm and blues, rock'n'roll — the Spitfires play with traditions and inject spite, venom, danger and a sense of humour to the proceedings. Fun and passion. What I like about the band is that they aren't 'revivalists' flogging off vapid versions of old songs in gold lame jackets. They love the music for what it is and appreciate its energies. The result is they're a great pub band — a fine enough compliment, a high enough aspiration.

***Brand New Cadillac* sizzles. Robert Gordon would love to be here. The band is raging, the audience is happy. Up on a chair, a girl dancing is an obvious fan — for a while her provocative style competes for attention with the band itself. A few old hard-bitten rockers are about as well, as if to give credence to the Spitfires as "the real stuff".**

The Spitfires don't have a Casio, so I guess they're not reshaping the future of music. Not even trying to. They're just deadly good fun, and by the encore they and the crowd had ripped it up and raged no end. Bands like this will never be irrelevant as long as people want to enjoy themselves and pubs still stand. Loosen up to the Spitfires and live a little.

MARK MORDUE

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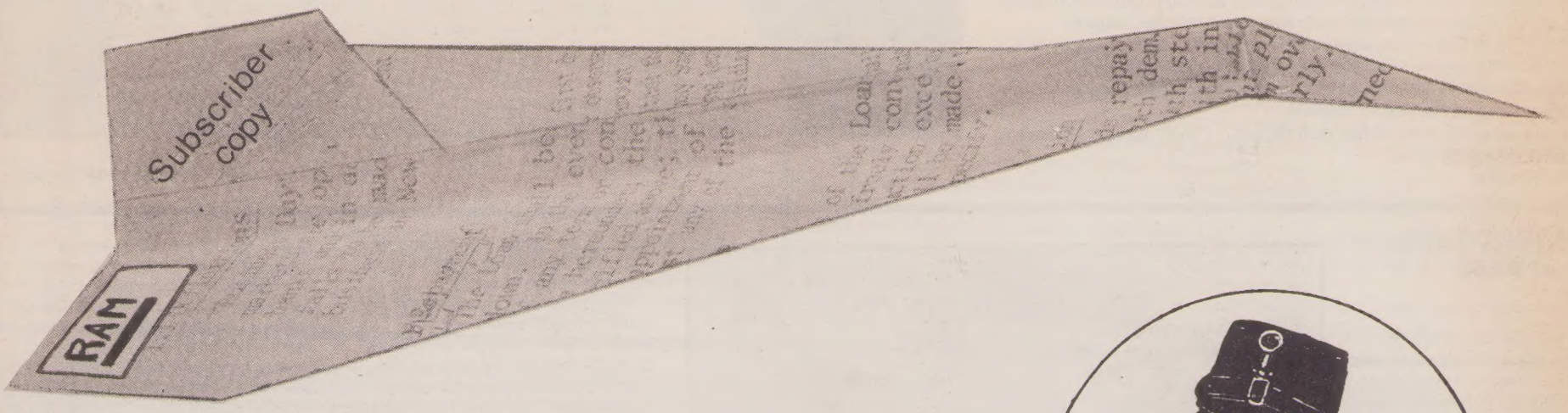

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from Page 25

hell, they even sound like the Cowsills on *Feet Don't Fail Me Now*. Heavens! Where's *Thesis On Spinal Nebulae?* Where's *Dairy-Whip Sequencer* and all that D'Oyly Cartesian synthesis now? Warp factor nine, Spotty, we're on Planet of the Gnomes! These exercises in Pop only serve to further sadden those with a soft enough spot for Todd (me) to have consistently forgiven him for all those other hysterical chakra-jaffles, because there is little here of his redeeming humour or deft verbal gift.

This album abounds in Beatleish vocal harmonies, some gorgeous, some bland. The overall idea here seems to be to crush any nuances in the songs by having them bellowed in unison by any of the four interchangeable singers in the band, and adopting a heavy-metal approach to ordinary pop chords. Aided not a little by Todd's trashy everything-up-loud production, the inherent stupidity of most of the songs is like salt in the wound.

The track least insulting to your intelligence is *I'm Looking at You, But I'm Talking to Myself*, an impassioned vocal from Todd (mercifully free of multi-tracking) with the calculated use of a Phil Spector trick and Beatleish guitar-and-piano line. (Note also the lift from *Any Time At All* on *Bad Little Actress*.)

Some snazzy, burning guitar solos prove that Todd is, in fact, better than Leslie West as he claims, but nothing can redeem this potboiler.

NORM D. PLUME

Worth The Wait

LENE LOVICH
No Man's Land
(Stiff)

No, the title of Lene Lovich's long-awaited third album does *not* forebode a feminist dissertation on her own untouchability. Her 'no man's land' is an open space that lies between people and the forces that divide them, a neutral ground of acceptance and respect. On one side, a barrier of distrust, of guarded emotions, ignorance and confusion — on the other, every person who's ever harboured such foibles of humanity.

Apart from qualifying for the Nobel Peace Prize, you'd think this pretext would portend a collection of philanthropic sentiments set to music. Well, it does, sort of. But it's not just any old music — it's a Lene Lovich album, and we've been waiting two years for it. Patience has its rewards, just as philanthropy is repaid in kind.

The recording of *No Man's Land* stretched over two continents, seven studios and nine different producers, but is remarkably cohesive despite so fragmented a gestation. Like *Stateless* and *Flex*, it's largely a personal triumph of Lene and her bald-pated partner Les Chappell. They've written seven of the nine tracks, handled all the vocals and shared the production credits with the likes of Martin Rushent, Steve Nye and the ubiquitous Bob Clearmountain. Chappell also plays guitar and synth, and Lene contributes sparing sax and trumpet.

But it's still very much a band album, with long-time sidemen Mark Hayward-Chaplin (bass), Justin Hildreth (drums) and pianist Dean Klevatt figuring prominently in the proceedings. . . which get under way with the criminally ignored single, *It's You, Only You (Mein Schmerz)*. It's immediately apparent that Lene is exercising much more control over her leaping larynx on this outing — she's more intent on actually *singing*, rather than whooping and trilling to the extent of overkill. The distinctive soaring sobs and yelps are still evident, though this time round, they're kept in check. . . she utilises them more as links and fills rather than dominant vocal devices.

She hasn't lost her wry sense of humour either. Though *It's You* is ostensibly an ode to love and devotion, Lene retains the upper hand: *'I know what I want and I'm sure I can get it.'* And that cryptic phrase *Mein Schmerz*? Hardly a term of endearment, unless being revered as a 'pain' appeals to your romantic sensibilities.

The entire album is a feast of glorious melodies and vivid word pictures, reflecting Lene's new-found passion for film music. Much of the material conjures up soundtrack scenarios, and many arrangements segue into pieces of ambient music — the dynamics are heavily theatrical, understandable in the light of Lene's acting pursuits. The closing track, *Rocky Road* was actually written for a stage adaptation of the life of Mata Hari, in which Lene played the title role.

Any one of the nine tracks would lend itself ideally to video (*It's You* already has), and side two's opener *Sister Video* acknowledges the power of the medium. Right now, I'll be content to surrender myself to the mind's eye, via the ears. *No Man's Land* is that easy to visualise. . . it's just an open space.

PHIL STAFFORD

DOUG PARKINSON
Heartbeat To Heartbeat
(CBS)
DOUG ASHDOWN
The World For The Right Kind Of Man
(CBS)
BEATLE BARKERS
(Telmak)

This is a confused tale of Dougs and Dogs. First, for clarity, the Dougs' case. Yes, it has to be admitted that these two seasoned dug-outs of Australian contemporary music, Doug Parkinson and Doug Ashdown, have a rare gift in this genre in that they can genuinely sing. How they apply this talent provides varying results in their latest vinyl offerings, however.

Doug Parkinson, still probably best known for his great version of *Dear Prudence* when we were all in flares, comes out glowing on *Heartbeat To Heartbeat*. His rich, punchy voice swirls in this good selection of ballads and hype-ups, reinforced by some strong session work, particularly from Tommy Emmanuel who plays virtually everything except the kazoo. The only hindrance to an overall fine recording is the unnerving cover, which looks like something out of *Bilitis*, all arms and legs akimbo, or one of those 70s jazz/rock fusion album covers you see snotty-nosed, balding men clawing all over in the faraway corners of record shops.

As for Doug Ashdown, his syrupy, almost cherubic voice becomes slightly painful after a while on *The World For The Right Kind Of Man*. The songs are passable, but are too often rendered insipid by Ashdown's sometimes conservative approach. Val Doonican lives! Doug mark Two has done better, and put another log on the fire.

Finally, the producers of *Beatle Barkers* — a moronic but hilarious waste of vinyl with dogs and other furry beasts karking away at Beatles classics — should have taken heed of the words of Ogden Nash: "A dog's best friend is his illiteracy." Hot dog, what next? Brian Eno ballads as sung by tap-dancing plankton? I can hardly wait.

GREG GROWDEN

BOOK LOOK

IF RECORD sales are an indication that people are listening to less music these days, there are alternative indications that they are reading more about it. The US magazine *Publishers' Weekly* called it "the phenomenon of rock book publishing".

Seeing a potential market expanding, both specialist music book publishers and more traditional houses have virtually flooded the market with everything from biographies to factual accounts. But it has hardly been a field day for the consumers or the publishers. Some of the quickly-produced 'cut and paste' jobs have hardly been worth the paper they were printed on. Quick to respond, consumers refused to buy many of these sub-standard works, most of which have ended up in the bargain bins.

British-based publishers **Proteus Books** have run into real financial trouble. They claim to lead the field with their plans to "flood the market" with music titles. They once boasted quite a few worthy volumes, but they also had a number of questionable works clogging up booksellers' shelves. Their most popular volume is the incredibly intriguing *Duran Duran: Their Own Story*, which is ironically now unavailable because the company is at the mercy of its creditors.

The future of another English publisher is also unclear. Pete Townshend's **Eel Pie Publishing** group is up for sale. Although not solely a music publishing house, it has a number of good books in its catalogue, namely Richard Barnes' book on The Who, *Maximum R 'n' B*, plus a book on Jim Morrison called *An Hour For Magic*. Eel Pie's future should be assured, however. The frontrunning potential buyer seems to be Plexus Publishing.

After the initial rush to print, many publishers seem to be going through a period of consolidation after which should be seen a steady stream of rock books, hopefully better researched and of an improved standard.

The late rock critic **Lester Bangs** just won't lie down. He looks set to achieve a notoriety equal to (or exceeding) that he enjoyed at his peak in the mid-seventies. A book he finished shortly before his death is soon to be published. Called *Rock Gomorrah*, it is co-authored by Michael Ochs; it's also probable that an anthology of Lester's writing will be published.

In the annual *Village Voice* 'Pazz and Jop' (sic) Critics' poll (compiled by Robert Christgau), Lester Bangs made a posthumous appearance with his own Top 10. Rather an esoteric collection, it read as follows:
1. Robert Quine Orchestra — *I Heard Her Call My Name* Symphony (Columbia)
2. DNA Live at Madison Square Gardens (Prestige)
3. Richard Hell Sings the R. Dean Taylor Songbook (Tamla)
4. Emerson Lake and Palmer — *Heard Ya Missed Us, Well We're Back (Factory)*
5. *The Clash — Rappin' Big Bert 'n' Big Bird* (Sesame)
6. Ramones — *14,000,000 Records* (Epic)
7. Sue Sadd and the Next with Robert Fripp — *Jiggle Themes From Prime Time* (Verve)
8. Lichensteinier Polka Band — *Hamtrank Oi Gassers* (WEA)
9. Brian Eno — *24 New Songs With Bridges & Everything* (Egregious — album set)
10. *Miles Davis — Rated X (Alternate Take)* (Columbia)

Lester Bangs — R.I.P. . . . *Please!*

THE PRETENDERS
By CHRIS SALEWICZ
Published by Proteus ($11.95)

On a recent visit to Australia, Chris Salewicz spent part of an evening on 2JJJ talking about and playing music from his favourite artists. The Pretenders didn't score a mention all evening, so I am left wondering if this book is a labour of love or the work of a hired hand.

Whatever the motivation, Salewicz has produced a workmanlike and comprehensive history of the band up to July 1982. (The author thoughtfully inserted the cut-off date, something sorely missing from most books of this ilk).

It all starts off with journalist Nick Kent relating how he first met Chrissie Hynde at a party in London in 1973. They started talking about a subject they both had in common — Iggy Pop. Salewicz then jumps back in time to Chrissie's early days. She was born in Akron, Ohio, and the very first band she was a part of also featured Devo member Mark Mothersbaugh. Getting fed up with life in the States, Chrissie soon headed for the UK.

In London, Nick Kent recalls a night he and Chrissie went to a Dr. John concert. "After that evening, we fell in love pretty quickly." And as Salewicz notes in the text, he said it with "some sadness in his voice".

Then *NME* editor (now *Face* editor) Nick Logan recalls her presence in the office (she went in often with Kent and did a little writing herself); "it was difficult to avoid noticing someone wearing black rubber mini-skirts at the end of 1973." Her short career as a journalist saw her mainly reviewing records, although she did several interviews — Brian Eno and Amanda Lear among them. Chrissie then went to work for McLaren's *SEX* boutique. Looking back on her writing days she was frank in her assessment: "Those articles were crap."

Next came the end of the Kent - Hynde romance. According to Salewicz, on return from a visit to St. Tropez, Kent infected Hynde with a sexual disease he had contracted here. Looking back on the relationship, Kent commented, "London was not big enough for the two of us."

Days of yore Pretenders (Pic: Adrian Boot/LFI)

Chrissie next turned up in Paris, singing in a French hard-rock band called the Frenchies. In 1976, back in London, Chrissie found herself playing guitar in a band with Rat Scabies. Called Master Of The Backside, the outfit was put together by McLaren and Bernie Rhodes. The band never got out of the rehearsal room, and Scabies recalls why he left — "I went off with Brian James (to form the Damned) because Chrissie seemed completely talentless on guitar."

In 1977, Chrissie was a member of the Johnny Moped Band. Tony Parsons gave them a rave review in *NME*. And a piece of trivia — Chrissie sold her typewriter to Parsons' then future wife, Julie Burchill, now also an *NME* scribe.

In 1978 Chrissie met up with A & R man Dave Hill, who was putting together Real Records. Here, the Pretenders as we remember them came into existence. Salewicz describes Honeyman-Scott on arrival: "A 21 year-old speed freak. He had a beard, hair halfway down his back, a white denim jacket and flared trousers. He had been totally untouched by punk." Martin Chambers was the last person to be roped into the four-piece.

Things began to happen fairly quickly for the new band. And it is interesting that their success is explained by somebody thus, "the media coverage they received in the right areas was excellent." Nick Lowe produced their first single, *Stop Your Sobbing*. Chris Thomas took over from him and *Kid* followed. But it was their third single that finally cemented their place at the top of the charts — *Brass in Pocket*.

Salewicz goes into detail regarding the band's overseas tours and the recording of the two LPs. And I mean great detail. This would have to be the definitive book on the Pretenders. Almost every conversation had by a band member is recalled word for word. Phone calls, telegrams, you name it and Salewicz has dug up the dirt.

The book ends with a chapter on the death of Honeyman-Scott. Comments Salewicz: "In the end there is nothing praiseworthy about the narrow vision of the 'rock'n'roll lifestyle' as perceived and lived out by James Honeyman-Scott. He walked with eyes open wide into one of the most clearly lit early traps that are placed in the paths of rock'n'roll musicians —and the result was that he did not fulfill the talent with which he had been blessed." One wonders what epitaph he would have fashioned for Pete Farndon. . .

A fine rock band biography which stands out in a sea of slop. Get it too for the great cover shot by Ebert Roberts with colour tint by Terry Day.

JAMES MANNING

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